

A FEAST ~~for the~~ VOTARIES, COMUS—
Critical Review, Jan. 1783.

382
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ie Author in the Character of a Methodist Preacher.





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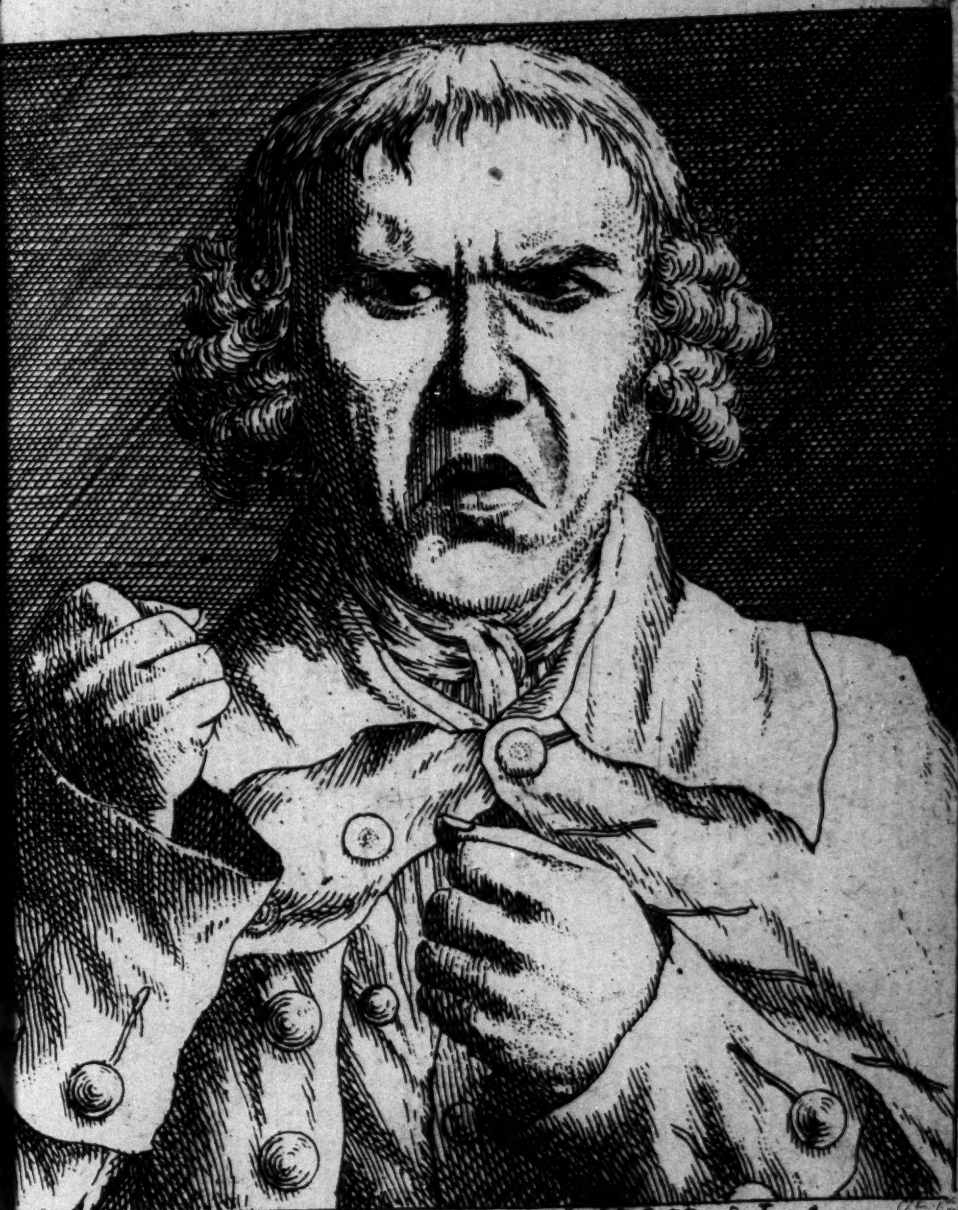
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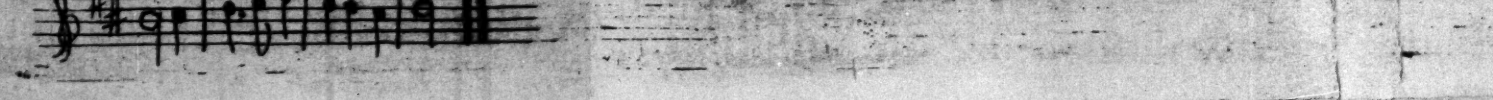
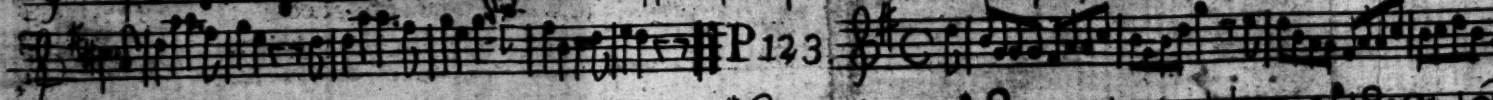
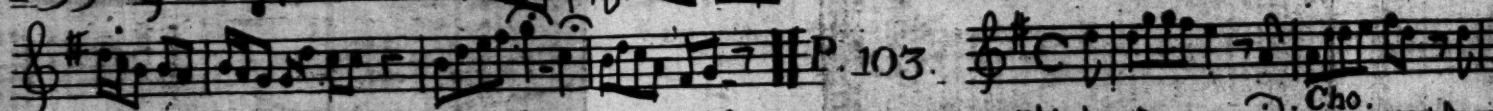
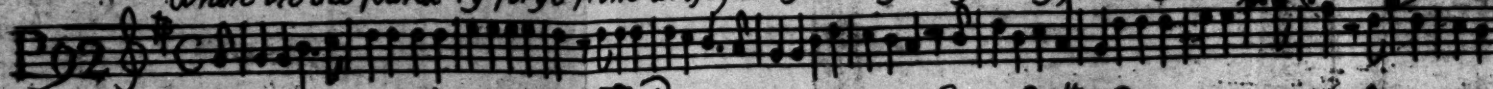




The Author in the Character of an Irish Maſs Houſe Lecturer.

Page
32

When in the found'ry forge from dross, ding a ring ding ding, clang a rang, dang dang



ang, when in the foundry forge from dross, our shields cleansed are.

Page 94.

A handwritten musical score on aged, slightly stained paper. The score consists of approximately 12 staves of music. The notation is in a historical style, featuring various note values, rests, and bar lines. The music is written in a single system across the staves. The paper shows signs of age, including discoloration and some wear along the edges. The handwriting is in dark ink, and the overall appearance is that of an old manuscript or a page from an antique music book.

SUGGESTIONS

IN VIEW OF PROMOTING

GENUINE JUCUNDITY

AT THE

CONVIVIAL BOARD.

THOUGH it may have the appearance of attributing too much consequence to what is understood by the term *conviviality*, when confined to the idea of several persons sitting down to enjoy each other (as the phrase is) with a social glass and a song, in making it a subject of serious disquisition, yet, since it is considered as one of the comforts of life, (and that it really is so, when not abused, few will deny,) it may not, upon reflection, be deemed absolutely improper, and the less so as being introductory to a work which has in view the heightening of that conviviality.

A

It

IT is not intended, however, to expatiate, or moralize, or even philosophize, on the good or bad tendency of convivial attachments: much has been said thereon, and much more will undoubtedly still be said, especially by those who do not possess the power of adding to hilarity, or who are of too melancholic a cast to derive any satisfaction from it, and of course give into that common-place talk against it which every one, at some time or other, has most probably been witness to: the writer of these suggestions would only wish, that, in such enjoyments, requisite propriety might be attended to, and (if possible) he would contribute to the removal of certain circumstances which tend to stifle a rising jocundity, or to damp the warmth of it when excited. And, for this purpose, it may be necessary to particularize those frequenters or casual visitors of convivial parties who, either voluntarily or involuntarily, are the ultimate cause thereof; as, possibly, by holding up the mirror to such, they may catch a sight of the deformity, and endeavour to remove it, by substituting the corresponding deportment necessary to be observed whenever social hilarity be desired.

ONE class of this species are the supercilious men of opulence, whose sole complacency is in the contemplation of that quality, and of the reverence they expect should be paid to it by all those who have not received such favours as themselves from the fickle goddess: their self-consequential airs are sufficient to throw a gloom over the most lively emanations; more especially if any present be obligated to them; for, under such circumstances, their aspects are the polar star by whose direction hilarity must shape its course. On the contrary, when a person, superior in point of possessions to the generality present, has that liberality of mind which leads him to accord with the genius of the company, without affectation of pre-eminence, the career of good-humour meets with no impediment; and the easy familiarity of his behaviour diffuses that secret satisfaction which disposes every one to contribute to these enjoyments as well as to partake of them.

THE next class of this species are the very loquacious and vociferous companions: for, even supposing them to be possessed of wit, still are they open to reprehension, by preventing others from contributing towards hilarity who have not the happiness (if it may be so termed)

of possessing as much volubility or as good lungs as themselves: since, if only through good manners, the exertions of a man of wit should be more to encourage even an attempt to entertain than, by an overbearing mode of behaviour, to smother any endeavour by which another is likely to add to the general good-humour. Such a person, however he may pride himself in his superiority of voice and rapid volubility, and however acceptable he may sometimes really be, should nevertheless recollect, that there are persons enough, through ill-nature or envy, ready to call his loquacity impertinence, and his liveliness vanity; since, thereby, he seems to pay no kind of compliment (as before observed) to the effusions of any but himself, and perhaps obtrudes them on the company, not when they are disposed to receive them, but when he is disposed to bestow them.

ANOTHER kind are the hyperbolists; those, who, possessing an inventive faculty and a retentive memory, are uneasy but when endeavouring to excite wonder in their hearers, by matters which they mean to have believed; and which, perhaps, at another time, they may

may affect to laugh at the company or any individual of it for receiving as truth; not thinking that what they might deem an assent may be nothing more than the effect of good-manners: nay, very often, that seeming assent is merely owing to the contempt which some hearers entertain for the possessors of such a foible. This is a fault, too, which many, of good understanding, may fall into, who, from giving way too much to the desire of telling anecdotes, adventures, and the like, habituate themselves, by degrees, to a mode of launching into that hyperbolical extreme, which their good sense, if properly exercised, would directly silence. Hyperboles, told as hyperboles, will seldom disgust, supposing the matter not despicable in itself; because, no imposition being intended thereby, they only raise a smile that can no way discredit the relator or auditor; for absurdity itself will find a time when even propriety may bow in subjection to it; but its reign is necessarily short, and every attempt, to support its existence beyond a certain period, would be as repugnant to common understanding as it would be fruitless, since propriety will make an impression on the heart, while laughable absurdity catches

nothing more than a transient attention from the eyes or ears.

ANOTHER species are the long and heavy story-tellers : these are nearly of the same cast as the loquacious companions in engrossing all attention to themselves : a foible of this kind, however, militates more against hilarity than meer loquacity does, which has fifty subjects for expatiation in as many minutes ; for though, through decency or good manners, some attention may be given to a prolix and uninteresting story, or at least it may not be interrupted, yet vivacity and jocularity must thereby be at a stand ; nay, perhaps a long, formal, circumstantial, narrative may be the cause of an irremediable torpor. No one, however, must suppose, by what is above advanced, that story-telling (as it is usually termed) is here utterly reprobated ; since nothing gives more life to sociality than a well-timed pleasant story, or a recital of some laughable circumstance, when it does not out-pace the aptitude to risibility, which it is intended to excite ; for the story-teller concludes but awkwardly when the length of his tale has worn out the propensity of the hearers to laugh thereat. Some other circumstances might be dwelt

dwelt on, but, being very obvious, it would be impertinent, though it may not be improper to repeat those well-known rules, that the deliverer should not laugh immoderately; that what he delivers be not such as may be found in every common jest-book; and that a repetition of the same story, though a good one, is extremely distasteful. The last-mentioned failing is, however, too generally attendant on those prone to story-telling, who, habituated to retail the same article, sadly forget how often they torture the ears of their auditors with it. But, at the same time that long story-telling is here disclaimed, it must be understood only of that species (as noticed before) which can excite neither risibility nor surprize; since there are many stories excellent in themselves, and which, being delivered by one of requisite capability, are as friendly to jucundity as any lyric effusion whatever.

THE affectedly inflexible-featured persons are another species; those who, although jucundity is in full display, maintain an apparent insensibility. Such an ill-timed indifference, (to call it nothing worse,) every one must allow, runs counter to the intention of social parties, the members of which are sup-

posed to meet reciprocally to please and to be pleased. Besides, whoever is at the trouble (if it can be so called) of entertaining a company, has a right to demand attention, and, naturally expecting approbation, he looks for it in the countenances of those about him; but if, among many, who bear the aspect of satisfaction, one only sits with his features fixed, as if wondering at what the rest are pleased with, or as if possessed of such marvellous taste and judgement that what is delivering is too insipid for him to relish, even the aspect of that one is sufficient to damp the exertion to give entertainment, and to cool the warmth of pleasantry resulting from such exertion; as convivial enjoyments are never at their height but when the satisfaction they diffuse is felt and expressed by every individual.

IN this cast may be included some, who, not content with appearing indifferent about an endeavour to promote jucundity, attempt, by a most absurd mode of behaviour, to throw, as it were, dead ashes over an effusion which has deservedly gained applause, by some such phrases as these: “ Ah! I heard that done
“ excellently at such a place;” or, “ Such
“ a one does that exceedingly well;” and,
which

which is still more injurious to propriety and common-sense, will perhaps run into a long formal description of the time, place, and manner, in which they were so much more delighted: as if every exhibition, of the same matter or of the same nature, must be better in itself or better done, every time they hear it, let it be exhibited under whatever circumstances it may. And here it may be observed, that nothing is more opposite to good manners than the frequency of persons disturbing, by talking or otherwise, any who may be endeavouring to entertain, and, at the same time, preventing others, who wish to be entertained by what is delivering, from attending to it. To this may be added the ridiculous impropriety of many, where vocal or instrumental music forms a part of the entertainment, affecting to beat time, with their canes, hands, &c. or visibly to move any part of their bodies to it, since the noise is as disagreeable to the ears, as their motions are to the eyes, both of auditors and performers, but particularly to the latter.

THE next class are those, who, paying no compliment or deference to the taste or sense of the company in general, will, directly or indirectly,

indirectly, endeavour to prevent any thing from being exhibited but what immediately coincides with their own ideas or tastes; not conceiving, apparently, that it is as impossible, in a mixed company, or even in what is called a select one, for every individual to be pleased in the same mode, as it is for any one who exhibits to please each in the same degree, supposing (for a moment) they are alike in tastes or manners: in this place it may said, respecting persons of this dictatorial cast, the most fitting to be pointed at are those who can relish nothing but effusions not of the most decent kind, and are, of course, in haste until the ice of reserve is broken; not recollecting that they thus deprive many, in a mixed society, of enjoying the pleasure they may propose to themselves, from matters not in so latitudinal a stile, and who generally withdraw when the reins of unreservedness are loosened: therefore it is most laudable to let joyous joviality be unbridled by degrees, as thereby those, whom the sons of high-seasoned jollity may call water-gruel companions, receive intimation sufficient to quit the field, if they are not disposed for joining in the loose career; though every one knows, that, even
where

where persons may mean to keep a curb on joviality, the approaches to unreservedness most generally keeping equal pace with the effects of compotation, at a certain period, what would have been highly improper to have been delivered three or four hours before, and had stood but little chance of being relished, becomes then acceptable, and has its proper effect.

ANOTHER kind, and of a very obvious characteristic, are those who, though very capable of entertaining, yet, from a principle hardly, if at all, to be accounted for, require tiresome solicitation, and often without effect, to indulge a company. A behaviour like this must surely be deemed highly censurable, when there is no apparent cause for such backwardness, through indisposition or dispiritedness; since every one present may be supposed to feel a disappointment proportionate to the expectation of entertainment from the known abilities of the person requested. Such an apparent desire of repeated requisition is not less censurable, even supposing the person has contributed what he may deem his quota of entertainment, as a proper apology would prevent farther

farther solicitation : though no one can be accused of vanity or forwardness, (if a fear of lying under such an imputation should sway him,) let him have exhibited as often as may be, provided it be at the request of the company : besides, it is generally understood that a person, capable of entertaining, having thereby an opportunity of exciting applause, and soothing the vanity generally annexed to that capability, feels as much complacency in so doing as it is possible for others to feel pleasure by his exertions. In avoiding this extreme, it might be expected that any person's discernment would keep him from the other, that of never waiting for requisition, or, when once requested, of being incessant in his emanations ; since the excessive promptitude of such a mode, however capable the person may really be, is as fully disagreeable, and even disgusting, as the affectation of being so much on the reserve : for as, in every department of life, it seems needful to sacrifice a little, and sometimes a great deal, to mere appearance, so, in this circumstance, however a company may admire the sallies of pleasantry or other effusions of any one, or how ready soever any

one

one may be to entertain, the compliment paid to that ability by a request of its exertions, and the compliment paid to that desire in complying with it, should be reciprocal; the deliverer thereby giving pleasure with a good grace, and the company, under the supposition of being disposed for receiving that pleasure, relishing it with equal satisfaction: and no one need be told that any effusion appears to come, at best, but uncouthly, when a company has been kept long in suspense by any person's affectation of requiring much importunity.

ANOTHER species are those, who, possessing the faculty of saying a great deal, are perpetually seeking objects to run down, or, as they are usually termed, butts. Such behaviour, whatever obstreperous mirth it may sometimes occasion, surely is not to be defended, since this talent of cutting up, as it is called, indicates no great liberality of mind, and few men of generosity or spirit could take pleasure in singling out another, to be thus curiously witty upon, because he may not happen to possess the strongest intellects, or to be the most ready in reply; or else, through
some

some natural imbecility; he may be soon wounded; or, being of a warm temperament, he may be easily worked into violence. Even supposing the attack to be received with apparent unconcern, yet it cannot be imagined that perfect ease is to be enjoyed in such a situation; and no one need be told how often such behaviour, perhaps at first only meant to excite a little pleasantry, turns out very serious in its consequences; and if a person, prone to this foible, would bestow but a little thought on the matter, he would find no real cause to exult in the possession of such a talent; for what credit is he entitled to who attacks only where he is sure of the advantage? Besides, he should remember that there is a possibility of his being foiled in the same way, some time or other, when he may little expect it, and then the mortification must certainly be much more than the pleasure the greatest adept in this laudable exercise can possibly enjoy.

THOSE may be mentioned, as another species, who, through a consciousness of some peculiarity of manner, provincial dialect, &c. are too hasty in concluding that what is really meant to entertain is levelled indirectly at them.

them. Although it must be owned that, in persons so situated, there is some excuse for the surmise, yet there is not so much for their hastily concluding on its certainty; as, in consequence thereof, a troublesome confusion frequently arises, which might be avoided by properly noticing the personality. Such persons, however, should recollect that it is almost impossible for one, who entertains with a variety of matter, to demean himself so that nobody can take exception at what may be delivered; to which may be added, the great likelihood there is of his not knowing every one present, and of course being ignorant of what is most likely to give offence to this or that individual: at the same time, it must be acknowledged, that, when such a trespass on urbanity is evidently intended, the person hurt must be expected to discover his sensations, and he is certainly justifiable in expressing them immediately: but, as before observed, when the trespass is not intentional, the warmth of resentment should be suppressed, if only for the sake of preserving order and tranquility.

THE last and most culpable of the enemies to generous and genuine jucundity are those
prone

prone to inebriation : but, as it must be understood that what has been suggested is in view of promoting that jucundity which is to be met with only among those who really subscribe to that excellent sentiment, “ May the pleasures of the evening bear the reflections of the morning,” it must be needless to say any thing on this head ; though it may not be quite mal-a-propos to mention the ridiculous excuse which many make, *viz.* “ They must do justice to every toast and sentiment that is given :” just as if any one was obliged to become disagreeable and troublesome to others at that time, and uneasy to himself afterwards, by imbibing treble the quantity he is able to bear, because another, on whom twice as much has little effect, insists on it, and perhaps only to laugh at him for doing so. This silly compliance with such an absurd injunction does not merit a serious discussion, since, if a person really means not to depart inebriated, there are methods enough of doing justice to every toast without swallowing a bumper to it each time.

To what has been advanced another circumstance may be added, which is often not attended to, though sufficient of itself to prevent

vent the appearance of jucundity, and that is, the incompetency of the president: for, although he may be a sensible and good-humoured man, yet, not having the capability of giving entertainment, or the power of exciting it in others, or not possessing the spirit and attention sufficient to see that the necessary and established forms be duly observed, he suffers intervals of dulness or confusion, and is therefore the immediate cause of a deficiency of mirth and entertainment: respecting all which, this inference may be drawn; that, as the president is, so is the company, for no one ever knew a company to be remarkably lively, if the president was dull, although many individuals in it might be persons of humour, or of other entertaining qualities.

THE writer of these remarks is, however, well aware, that, from the nature or established rules of some societies, it is impossible they can always have a person to preside possessed of the essential requisites; but, when consistent with propriety, it is certainly needful to make that particular a matter of the first consideration.

IN the foregoing observations, the author does not pretend, by the way, to have advan-

ced any thing very new, nor to have shewn all, or nearly all, the impediments in the path to hilarity; he has only touched on those which occurred to him, and, as intimated in the title-page, in view of heightening genuine mirth and good humour; since social communication, when not perverted, is what no one of liberal sentiments can exclaim against; it is a principle inherent in nature; and, excepting in some few, whom particular causes may have rendered misanthropical, discovers itself in all stages of rational life.

THE author now begs leave to say a few words directly touching the subsequent effusions, (resulting from some observations unavoidably made during the course of his having exhibited them,) as a shield against the ill-natured animadversions or precipitate decisions of those who, viewing things through a contracted or an ill-placed medium, approve or condemn, only as prepossession, self-sufficiency, or mere wantonness, incites. As for professed critics, they must be left at liberty to say what the sight of the following pages may suggest, whether agreeable to the author or not, if they be of consequence enough to engage their notice

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tice so far as to make them the subject of literary stricture.

OMITTING, therefore, any thing respecting the disadvantage, attending the bare reading a few loose excursions of fancy, to what there is in hearing them delivered with the necessary concomitants of aspect, emphasis, and action, as it would be paying but an ill compliment to the reader's discernment, we shall proceed to observe, that, as the ridicule thrown on some subjects, in this publication, may be deemed reprehensible, by persons of a particular stamp, yet, since no two persons see the same thing in the same point of view, it should be remembered, how difficult it is, by endeavouring to please one, to give satisfaction to the other ; which the author himself has experienced, more than once, to have been the case : as, for instance, where some, through their *very* great reverence for things sacred, have seemed *mightily* hurt by fanaticism's being ridiculed. To such persons it may be intimated, that true religion (begging the reader's pardon for introducing the term in a work of this kind) cannot be hurt by ridiculing the affectation, the abuse, or the extravagant profession, of it, any more than a physi-

clan of repute and integrity is prejudiced by ridiculing empiricism : in which instance there is the nearer affinity, since methodism, or any other vehicle of religious enthusiasm, may, with propriety, be termed religious quackery ; and each itinerant or field preacher may, with equal justice, be called a mere mountebank. Neither can the sacred function be hurt by ridiculing an improper member of it, as is done in the first article of the following matters ; since the respectable character, in whatever situation of life he may move, receives additional lustre from the exposure of the bad one. And, respecting those of a very delicate cast, who, on account of some articles, may, in a great hurry, affect to exclaim against the vulgarity or the latitude of them, there needs little more to be said than that the author neither endeavours nor wishes to please the sweet-scented Adonis's nor the doubtful-gendered Ganymedes of this or any future period. But, not to strain apologizing any longer, the reader is now at liberty to turn to the ensuing collection, and, if only one article should excite a smile, and that be a smile of approbation, the author's wish will be as much gratified as the reader's hope of being entertained can possibly be answered.

A L E C T U R E
 O N
 EATING AND DRINKING:
 SPOKEN IN THE
 C H A R A C T E R
 O F A
 D R U N K E N P A R S O N.*

A Song, ha! Do I look like one of your
 song-singing gentry? No, no; I'll
 give ye something more becoming my cloth.—
 Indeed, if Toby Croak, my clerk, were here,
 B 3 he'd

* When this lecture is not spoken in character, the following lines may be sung by way of prelude.

*As once on a time. — Pshaw! not that beginning. —
 A song or a story. — In short, then, one ev'ning,
 A song being call'd for from Boozwell, the vicar,
 He gave them this lecture instead, though in liquor.
 Down, down, &c.*

He'd sing ye one with all his heart. He has a voice the true tone of a sackbut ; and, for necessity, I'll back him against e'er a conventicle-clerk or country chorister that you can find.— But to the point. — What I am now going to deliver I shall consider under two heads, namely, guttling and guzzling.

FIRST, guttling. Beloved, in queen Bess's days, of glorious roast-beef memory, men were content with plain food, simply dressed ; but, so great is our degeneracy, that, among our modern dishes, such as ragouts of frogs, frica-sees of tom-tits, and the green fat of turtle, an honest country vicar or a city rector, with a good appetite, has much ado to light on a solid wholesome piece, where (as the saying is) he may cut and come again,

THOU guttler, whosoever thou art, read the story of Dives and Lazarus, and how Dives guttled : he had his belly stuffed every day with soups, fauces, and what not, till he was almost choaked with fat, while poor Lazarus, for want even of his crumbs, was like the scraggy part of a neck of mutton ; and therefore it was no wonder old Belzebub refused him for Dives, who, by pampering himself up, as
he

he did, was undoubtedly a most delicious tid-bit for him to stick his tusks into.

I AM persuaded, my dearly beloved, that no man would guttle, or gormandize, on our modern stews, soups, spiced meats, and the like, if he had but a doctor's bill lying before him, and reflected on the enormous charge for an emetic ; or if he considered that he who guttleth maketh his body a kind of barbecued hog, which, when he hath spiced and stuffed as much and as long as it will bear, Belzebub, for his trouble in improving (as it is called) the art of cookery, claims it as his perquisite, to fatten (for aught we know) his young succubuses with.

BUT I know it is in vain what I say to ye : I know that I waste my lungs to little purpose : for, like ostriches and cormorants, ye devour, in spite of all my exhortations to dissuade ye, whatever lies in your way, let it be fish, flesh, jellies, spices, stuffings, — hic — Lord bless me, there certainly was too much nutmeg in the pudding I had at dinner. — As I was saying, ye gorge whatever lies before ye, without any consideration, till ye are so swollen out of your proper shapes that ye may

serve old Belzebub and his colleagues to play with, instead of nine-pins ; or else ye become puffed up with wind like blown-up bladders, and then ye are as fit for the same dusky-complexioned gentry to play at football with, or to make use of in a concert of bladders and bows.

I COME now to the other part of my discourse, that is to say, guzzling. — Beloved, a guzzler is worse than a guttler, since guttling disorders the belly more apparently than the head, but guzzling disorders both belly and head, nay, and joints likewise : for, if the guzzler should want to leak or untruss a point, his joints are so out of order that he is not able to unbutton, and then — but, my dearly beloved, I leave ye to judge what is likely to be the consequence of his guzzling. And, respecting his head, if he should try to speak, why he stammers like the major part of the debating-club orators, and what he doth say is as little to the purpose as theirs, in general : nay, he knows no more what he says than a magpye, for he frequently exclaims against the fault which he himself, at that very time, may be committing. If Noah hadn't guzzled, he hadn't cursed his son ; and his
son's

son's posterity would not have been negroes, in consequence thereof: and, if Eot hadn't guzzled so much, he hadn't made his daughters — women.

BUT, to shew ye the folly of guzzling, as examples are more prevalent than precepts, I'll conclude with a short story. In France, some time ago, at the celebration of mass, in a chapel belonging to a certain abbey, the priest (it being sometimes part of the service) sprinkled the congregation. He had scarcely begun before some exclaimed they were almost blinded, while others were ready to cascade. This, of course, caused the priest to examine the water, which was very acrimonious to his taste, and more than ordinarily brackish. For, beloved, they always throw salt in the water when they consecrate it. Well, this they could not account for, till, at length, somebody observ'd the ceiling, under which the holy-water generally stood, to be very wet. This induced them to examine a slight kind of gallery above, built on purpose for the lady abbess to sit in; and there, my beloved, they found the lady abbess fast asleep, who, having been guzzling rather too freely, had not been
able

able to contain her water, and that it was which had found its way through the flooring into the bason, and they had used it as holy-water to sanctify the congregation with.

AND now, beloved, I shall draw no inference from what has been said, because, in so doing, (as is customary with my brother black-coats, in explaining the heads of their discourses by the tails thereof,) it is as much as to say, that what they have delivered was not to be understood, or, if it was, that their auditors were not able to do it; therefore I say I shall leave ye to draw what conclusion ye please, advising ye, however, to recollect, that there is nothing so good but it may be turned to a bad purpose, and nothing so bad but that good may be educed therefrom.

A

A

Methodist Love-Feast,

O R

Class-Meeting.

The chief preachers of the Tabernacle and Foundery have their different classes, i. e. a number of persons, of both sexes, who were (as their phrase is) convinced under them; which classes have their stated nocturnal meetings, where their convincer presides, to examine, admonish, fortify, and comfort, them.

* * * The following is supposed to be delivered by J. W***.

BRETHREN *and* SISTERS,

AS we are once more met to comfort and refresh our minds with the sack-posset of prayer and thanksgiving, it may be necessary to note if all who belong to my class are
here

here or not, in order, that, if any are absent, we may pray against their being caught by the carnal traps of the flesh, or the game-nuts of worldly-mindedness, or that they may not fall into the lobs-pound of lukewarmness, which Satan often diggeth in the pathway of the saints, while, perhaps, they may be coming hither.

AND now, my brethren and sisters, as preparatory to this night's exercise, you will answer as I call over your names. — Geoffry Gofplefuck. — John Tugchapter. — Nicholas Gobble-Bible. — Sufannah Sputter-Scripture. — Gregory Grindtext. — Ann Scratch-Conscience. — She's not here, I see: well, I shall give her a gentle admonition in *private*, for I fear she is a *backslider*. — Priscilla Spit-prayer. — Solomon Guzzle-Gospel. — Samuel Gnaw-the-word. — Roger Standstiff. — what, Roger not here; Oh! I fear our dear brother Standstiff is drawn aside by the wanton females, with whom, he hath often told me, Satan frequently besets him, and then he is apt to slip into the *traps* of uncleanness, and to be fast caught in the *briars* of carnal darkness, so powerful are the workings of the flesh; therefore

therefore I shall give him some cooling spiritual diet-drink when he cometh here again.

BUT, my brethren and sisters, I am sorry to inform ye that there is no money in the box, as what was left, the last collection-night, I've laid out in blisters for feverish consciences and in powders to sweat away your carnal hankerings, therefore it will be needful that ye join your two-pences each, or suppose I say, at once, your three-pences each, for some gin and spiced-cakes; since gin, having a great spirit in it, is the more likely, ye know, to stir up, or at least add to, the spirit within us, and the spiced-cakes will render us more warm in our devotions.

I need not tell ye, beloved, that thus it was the custom of the primitive saints to have love-feasts, and there to drink wine, to stir up their desires for devotion, and to eat cakes to strengthen them in their devout exercises, when the brethren and sisters were roused thereto, until some of the ungodly got in among them, and perverted the spiritual intention they had, in drinking wine, to the carnal purpose of stirring up fornication, and, to strengthen them therein, they ate the cakes, which was the
chief

chief reason that those private meetings of the brethren and sisters were laid aside, until dear brother Whitfield and myself revived them, in this our day, under the denomination of class-meetings, such as this is. It was a great work, and many zealous guzzlers, as I may say, of the word, have been produced through these holy and private meetings; yea, and through the prescience given me, I say more will still be, [although that hireling of Satan's, the worldly-witty author of several prophane pamphlets,* thinks he hath pulled, as it were, our new coventicle † about our ears : §] for when, with my ladder of good works, ‡ I have ascended higher than the forging son of simony|| was exalted, behold, with the posterior wind

* Four poetical pieces, entitled, Perfection ; Sketches for Tabernacle-Frames ; The Saints ; and The Love-Feast : abounding with just observations and keen sarcasm. Published 1778, by Bow, Pater-noster-Row.

† A chapel near the old Foundery, built by contribution, 1778, under the pontificate of John Wesley, capable of holding a vast congregation.

§ The words inclosed in crotchets, having a temporary allusion, may be omitted, when necessary.

‡ A dependance upon works is the characteristic of Wesley's doctrines, in opposition or contradistinction to predestination, the doctrine of his heretofore fellow-reaper in the spiritual vineyard, George Whitfield.

|| Dr. Dodd.

wind of inspiration, will I animate others to carry on the grand work of spiritual midwifery, or the new-birth, and the cleansing of dirty souls under the pump of belief, and the ducking them in the ditch of purity, until they crawl out, shaking their ears with joy, and saying, with gladness, Oh ! we are full of the sweet waters of righteousness, yea, they have so abounded that we gape for breath, and are almost choaked therewith !

BROTHER Gobble-Bible, suppose you collect the money, and then go for the gin and cakes : go to Peter Puzzle-Parson for the gin, but be sure you go in the back way, lest the prying ones of the world find matter of reproach : and, brother, as sister Sputter-Scripture finds her devotions best raised with a drop of aniseed, bring a quartern of that. — And now, my dear friends, while he is gone, we'll have a hymn. Let's f-ee ; (*turning over the leaves of a book ;*) we'll have one out of the collection of Timothy Copper-skull, the tinker ; you'll find it in page 19 : and because Belzebub sha'n't have the best of the tunes to himself, (as brother Whitfield used to say,) we'll sing it to the tune of the devil's gelding the baker of Coventry : I'll read two lines of each verse,

verse, and then (as the worldly ones say) we'll
all join in chorus.

When, in the Found'ry-forge, from dross
Our spirits cleansed are ;

C H O R U S.

Ding a ring ding ding,

Clang a rang dang dang ;

And with faith's hammer struck with force,
Oh! how old Nick doth swear.

Ding a ring, &c.

Yet oft' he doth, so great's his pow'r,
Our insides foul with sin,

Ding a ring, &c.

Therefore 'tis needful oft' to scour
Our insides well with gin.

Ding a ring, &c.

OH ! this is great and sweet consolation;
— but here's our brother come back with
the liquor and cakes. — Give the gin to me. —
Come (as the prophane one's say) here's to our
next joyful meeting. (*Drinks.*) My throat
seemeth as if old Nick had thrown a hot coal
down it, as brother Copper-skull used to say,
therefore I must drink again : (*drinks.*) Now
hand it about. — Drink out of the bottle, my
dear brethren and sisters, as ye then can drink
as much or as little as ye please : and, bro-
ther,

ther, give sister Sputter-Scripture the aniseed : poor dear soul, her devotions were so fervent she almost fainted. — Dear woman, how she graspeth the phial ! She putteth me in mind of the unclean story of the old woman's squeezing the roll of fresh-butter, at the sight of the bull and cow in the act of procreation. — Oh ! this is a blessed meeting ! it comforteth my very bowels ! — but come, as we are all refreshed, I'll examine your hearts, then sister Spit-prayer will pray, and I'll conclude this meeting with a short exhortation.

BROTHER Gospelsuck, what trials and temptations have you laboured under since our last examination ?

Gospelsuck. Oh I've had terrible wrestlings between the flesh and the spirit, particularly last night ; for, as I was passing through the grove of whoredoms, a harlot endeavoured to allure me with her wanton wiles, she even dandled with my carnal part, yea, she tickled the unruly member, till the flesh at length rebelled, for it waxed mighty ; but I called to mind how Joseph resisted Potiphar's wife's enticements, and how he *stood stiff* in resolution, and, when he prayed for *strength*, it was granted him.

W—y. You should have said, strength was granted him to fly from her : ay, brother, we are all frail, and are all liable to such insurrections of the flesh, temptation doth so abound ; but thine was a great one, and for thy overcoming it we'll have a public thanksgiving. — Well, sister Sputter-Scripture, how dost thou feel within ?

Sputter-Script. Oh I *feels* that within me there is a warfare, and I *has* strong inward commotions, and *is* sorely beset, for last night, as I was stepping into bed, Satan appeared on the other side like a filthy naked man, but, I screaming out, he vanished, and a dear young man, who laid in the next room, and who belongs to brother Bare-bones's class, *comes* and *ax'd* me the cause ; oh, says I, Satan has been here, and I *is* afraid he will come again ; then said the good young soul, I'll ~~stay~~ with you, and so he *did* until the morning twilight, and ~~but~~ of the *abundance* of his spirit I was much comforted, for he was *powerful* in *good works*, and was in my hand as a *strong spear*, and to my body as a *spiritual shield*.

W—y. There, my dear friends, there was love and charity shewn by that young man ! there was readiness to do that which is good,
and

and cheerfulness to persevere therein ! Sister, be sure you invite him to our class, since he is so well able to give *inward* consolation to the weak sisters, and hath approved himself capable of being, as it were, a tower of defence to them. — Now, sister Spit-prayer, will you pray, as it is almost time to depart ? but (as the unclean tiplers say) wet your throat first.

Spit-prayer. (After drinking the phial dry.)
As saints of old, who always met to comfort each other in the flesh as well as in the spirit, so may we always meet in brotherly love and sisterly affection, and not (like unto the wicked ones) make use of our legs and arms to give one another black-eyes, bloody-noses, or broken-shins ; may we never slip into the stream of carnal lusts, lest we be carried into the ocean of uncleanness, and there be lost in the depths of fleshly abomination ; and which I pray may not be the case of our dear absent sister, Scratch-Conscience, and our dear brother, Roger Standstiff. — May we never have occasion to say⁷ to a pawn-broker, lend me two-pence upon this hymn-book : may we never have occasion to want a *showing forwards*, because of our backslidings : and may we never want a drop of something to moisten

our throats with, when hoarse with praying,
as I am now.

W—y. Ay but, sister, you know you finished the gin, and brother Grindtext finished the cakes, therefore I think 'tis time to depart; so I shall now dismiss ye with an exhortation.

BRETHREN and sisters, ye who are here assembled for your mutual comfortings and refreshings, be carefully private in what ye do, lest the world raise scandalous reports of these our holy meetings. — My young brethren, look not with a wanton eye on the outside of the females, but rather regard their *insides*; yea, comfort them *within* and give them to suck of your *liquorice-roots* of consolation; for it is written, blessed is he who feedeth the hungry and giveth drink to the thirsty mouth. — And, my dear young sisters, ye sprigs of purity, ye sprouts of righteousness, receive the loving spirit, that the young men will fill ye with, with all humility; yea, lay ye down, even as Ruth laid her down by the side of Boaz, and receive the *one thing needful* with all meekness; and if, from your knowledge or experience, ye find the young men at a loss for the entrance into the *right road*, shew your
love

by putting them therein, and by encouraging them (when they are in) to push *strait forwards* with chearful perseverance; so shall ye both reap the pleasing rewards of your loving labours. — And, as for ye who are well stricken in years, and wise through observation, instruct and (if needful) assist the young saints in their mutual good works, and if you find them not sufficiently enlightened, out of your zeal and charitable love, — hold a candle to them.



The first part of the book is devoted to a general
description of the country and its inhabitants.
The second part contains a detailed account of the
history of the country from the earliest times
to the present day. The third part is a
description of the natural history of the country,
including the flora and fauna. The fourth part
is a description of the social and political
conditions of the country. The fifth part is a
description of the economic conditions of the country.
The sixth part is a description of the
education and culture of the country. The seventh
part is a description of the religion and
morals of the country. The eighth part is a
description of the art and literature of the country.
The ninth part is a description of the science
and technology of the country. The tenth part is
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the country. The eleventh part is a description
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twelfth part is a description of the internal
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of the public works and infrastructure of the
country. The hundredth part is a description
of the health and medicine of the country.

A
 METHODIST SERMON,
 BY A
 C O B L E R.

I Am not now, my dear hearers, (like unto your full-wigg'd retailers of divinity, or your smirking toupee'd sprigs of orthodoxy,) going to tickle your ears with smooth cadences or fine turned periods: for think ye the saints of old converted the heathens with tropes and figures, and rules of grammar? No, I say they did not: therefore, as they did to the heathens of old, so will I to ye, ye heathens of this our day, like unto the squash of a stuck hog into a tub of scalding water, come fouse upon ye. For I say ye are all, all of ye, like blind puppies in a pond, kicking and sprawling in sin; and were it not for us, who bible-

thump old Belzebub, while we hold ye up by the chin, you'd soon be choaked with the waters of abomination. O ye gormandisers of sin ! O ye gorgers of iniquity ! O ye guzzlers of worldly vanity ! O ye tiplers of Satan's hot-pot ! your hearts are as hard as cobblers *lap-stones*, and goodness sitteth as uneasy upon ye as a *tight-shoe* upon the *foot* that hath *corns*: but I will howl with a hideous howling, 'till, like *wax* softened by the sun, I soften your hearts ; and I will bellow with a mighty bellowing, 'till the sounding thereof, like *awls*, pierce the *soals* of the ungodly ; yea I will bellow as if my throat were lined with *boarshields leather*, while the worshipping of theatrical abomination doth *last* ; for I will not make an *end* 'till, like as the *Cobler*, in the devil's farce of the Devil to pay, *strappeth* his wife Nell, I have given the *thick hide* of dramatic pollutions a *lustly strap-ing* : for, lo, they are *pegs* and *sparrow-bills*, as it were, in the *sides* of the righteous ; and *pinched heels* and *cramped toes* to the feet of the saints. Otherwise the time will be long ere those abominations, like pancakes and fritters, will be tofs'd over and over in the frying-pan

of

of righteousness, and then laid flat, as was revealed to me in the following vision.*

METHOUGHT I beheld a man-trap set in the market for horses provender, the baitmonger of which did halt, yea he had a corken-leg; † and a smiling mirthful girl, called, in the language of the heathen, Thalia, or the comic muse, came up to him, and asked him why he wept; Oh, said the hopping man, hast thou not heard how the witlings wag their tongues about me, and scribble likewise against me? saying they have a *fundamental* reason for it: nay, a military wag met me the other day, and jeeringly complimented me upon my being an excellent engineer at a *bum*, couragious at an *assault*, and most incomparable at entering a *breech*: 'tis true, said the hopping man, I have made human nature my study, but the witlings say I went in the *back way*. Then, said this smiling girl unto him, be of good cheer, and
arm

* The circumstances, upon which this vision and the subsequent matter relative to Wesley was raised, growing out of date, they may easily be omitted, by saying, "as was revealed to me in several visions, which I would relate, "but, &c." leaving out what follows, to where this character (S) is placed.

† Samuel Foote, the modern Aristophanes.

arm thee with thy helmet of grimace, thy shield of wit, thy lance of keen retort, with which thou pierc'd the lady Blowblubber,† and, above all, put on thy breast-plate of confidence, (or impudence, I don't know which she said,) when thou makest thy first appearance at the opening of thy trap, and, if there be occasion for it, I'll borrow for thee my sister Melpomene's crying face; though (added she) I'm afraid a crying face will fit very aukardly upon thee. However, methought the cork-legged man followed her advice, and, after putting the people in good humour, by reminding them of his past services, he hopped off victoriously. §

AFTER I had seen these things, I went and told brother Wesley thereof, which when he had heard, verily, said he, what thou hast said prognosticateth the downfall of the tower of good works, which I have been so long erecting: for the world, as it were, now a
days,

† The appellation given, in the Comic Mirror, to the duchess of Kingston, with whom Foote had a smart literary altercation.


§ These circumstances were literally true; great opposition, or indignity, being expected from the audience when he made his first appearance, after a charge against him for a certain crime.

days, dances to the devil's fiddling, and keeps time to the beat of his cloven hoof; yea, even me do they persecute, for, with the *pincers* of carnal stricture, have they furiously torn to pieces my Calm Address, || and with the picked pointed *awl* of carnal criticism have they *pierced* my physical work, yea, my primitive physical work, † not recollecting that 'tis their *soals* only that I care for, and not their bodies; for the sooner my recipes of verdigris and opium ‡ have cracked and rotted the *stitching* that keeps the spiritual and natural man together, the sooner will their *soals* be delivered from the squish-squash walking in this muddy path-way to Satan's mansion, and sent to be fixed in the *stalls* above. But, however, go thou into the highway of theatrical pollution, and, with the club of free-will, knock out the brains of stage-iniquity, and, with the Foundery besom of purity, sweep out dramatic uncleanness :

|| Alluding to a pamphlet of that title, which (in the Critical Review,) was said to contain not a calm word, except in the title-page.

† His book, called Primitive Physic, was severely handled and exposed, by Hawes and others, for the insufficiency of the whole, and for the pernicious effects of some particular recipes, compounded with verdigris and opium.

‡ Recipes which met with the sharpest animadversion.

uncleanness : so saying, he laid his holy hand upon my head, giving me his benediction and authority : then was I strengthened in faith ! then was I (like unto a sheep's gut puffed up with wind) filled with the spirit ! and I departed, determining to pull down the strong holds of dramatic prophanation, yea, and destroy the foundations thereof. Though, beloved,  as I have to meet the brethren at brother Gullwell's, I must conclude for the present, but I will seize some other opportunity ; and then, with a mop dipped in the waters of regeneration, I'll give ye a spiritual sprinkling, yea, I'll snap the shin-bone of faith, scoop out the marrow, and strew it among ye ; and then, with the Foundery-bellows, will I puff away the abominations of this modern Sodom and Gomorrah ; with the clang and ding of the regenerating coppers and kettles of grace, will I drown the squeaking and squalling of this music-mad age ; and with belief's strong hammer and ripping-chissel, will I split to shivers the dramatic structures of the tragic and comic architects. O how the righteous will then rejoice, when those high places of sin, which are no better than the sausage-stalls or suttlingsheds of Satan, are converted into gospel-broth shops
and

and jelly houses, where the men customers, at going out, shall say, O we have *stood bolt upright* in faith! we have been *fervent* in devotion! and the female saints can testify of the *good works* that we have done! And the women customers, at going out, shall say, We went in *hungring* and *thirsting*, but lo! we have been *filled*, yea *crammed*, as it were, with *good things*! Therefore, O ye men of this world, who hear me now, let me exhort ye, to grope no longer in the *snug* and *dark crevices* of uncleanness, lest ye be caught in the *carnal mousetraps* of the harlot: and, O ye females, *spread* yourselves open no longer to receive the *tempting things* of the flesh, yea, turn away from them, lest ye be still tempted to do the dark work of fleshly idolatry; for, like snakes in the grass, they *erect* their *heads* at a *touch*; and, if ye fly not from them, ye certainly will feel their *stinging*, and experience the effects of their rage and *venom*. Hence, I say, let me exhort ye, instead of gadding abroad and lusting after vain baubles, to come to the Foundery love-feasts and watch-nights, for there the brethren comfort the sisters in the *spirit*, and the sisters suck the *barley-sugar-sticks* of brotherly love and of the new man.

AN

The first of the year, 1857, was a very dry one, and the crops were much injured. The weather was very hot, and the ground was very dry. The crops were much injured, and the people were very poor. The first of the year, 1857, was a very dry one, and the crops were much injured. The weather was very hot, and the ground was very dry. The crops were much injured, and the people were very poor.

NY

AN
ANTI-DRAMATIC
METHODIST SERMON.

BELOVED,

MY present discourse I mean, in a great measure, to consist of the names of those bantlings of Belzebub, begot in the brains of those whom the world calls dramatic poets, with the sound of which I would not pollute your ears, but that it is, as it were, attacking theatrical abomination with its own weapons.

And now to begin ; I would not have ye think, my dear friends, that, like to the sputterers of dramatic profanation, I am going to play the part of the *Hypocrite* or *The Double Dealer* with ye: no; I call myself *The Plain Dealer*

Dealer in Tabernacle manufactures, and therefore I will hold up *The Mirror* to ye, and shew ye *The Portrait* of your sooty consciences, and likewise try ye with *The Touchstone* of the word. Behold, like as the swine's hind leg is dried up with smoke, so are ye dried up with sin, O ye purblind *players* at bo-peep with stage iniquity ! O ye *actors* of uncleanness, and ye *Busy Bodies* in sin ! answer me this question ; Are ye not all hogs ? Yes, ye are : and is not theatrical abomination a hog-driver ? Yes ; but why is it ? why ! O ye gigs for Belzebub to whip about ! I'll tell ye why ; 'tis because it drives ye to the *play-houses*, which are Satan's hog-sties, where ye swallow the hog-wash of *theatrical pollution*, and gorge the barley-meal and rotten potatoes of *dramatic vanity*. O ye bones of the devil's picking ! you'll find that ye are *All in the wrong* ; O ye nuts for Old Nick to crack ! ye don't *Know your own Minds* : I hear you say though, How do you know that ? How do I know that ? Why I'll tell ye, ye quids of tobacco, fit only for Satan's chewing, how I know it : sometimes ye listen to *The Sirens* ; then to *The little Gipsy* ; then ye go sniffing after *The Irish Widow* ; then, O ye scraggy pieces

pieces of unrighteousness for Satan to make broth of! ye are fond of *A Trip to Newmarket*; then to *The Jubilee*; then ye come back for a rasher off *The Flitch of Bacon*; then ye set off for *The Camp*; then are ye taken with *The Spleen*, and tramp to the *Islington-Spa*, or else put up at *The Hotel of Belzebub*; but, as *The Man of Reason* † was scarcely heard, and *A Word to the Wise* ‡ disregarded, where is *The Wonder* that ye are caught by *The Stratagem* of Satan, who layeth his eel-pots for ye to slip into, in the muddy stream of dramatic pollution, while he is tickling your ears, at one house, with the chanting of *The Druids*, or entangling ye, at the other, with *The Device*, and amusing you with a *Christmas* or a *Persian Tale*. ||

HOWL! howl! ye faithful, because Satan is, as it were, *The Recruiting Serjeant*, who enlisteth the foolish ones of the age: howl! howl! yowl! and bellow! my brethren, for that, although I put *The Padlock* of righteousness
D upon

† A comedy of Hugh Kelly's, played out with some difficulty.

‡ Another comedy of the same author's, which (as was said) was prevented from being played out through political party-spleen.

|| *Selima and Azor*.

upon the gates of dramatic impurity, yet hath iniquity assumed so many *Metamorphoses* to deceive *The Duenna* whom I set over them, and procure *The Double Elopement* of the comic and tragic harlots, that all which I have done may well be called *The Fruitless Precaution*; hence, O my dear friends, *The Way of the World* is to my eyes as a strong onion; and, because of *The Tempest* which drives the worldly ones from one theatrical dunghill of sin to the other,† and that *Dissipation* is your object, and that *The World as it goes* is in an abominable, yea, I may say, in a *damned*, state,|| behold, grief rains heavily upon me, and my eyes, as it were, are gutter-spouts.

THOUGH, nevertheless, beloved, let us rejoice, yea, let us rejoice aloud, for lo! 'tis matter of great consolation to us, now that the cork-legged general§ of worldly wit is departed,

† Covent-garden, 'Drury-lane, and the Haymarket, theatres.

|| A comedy that came out at Covent-garden, but, being much opposed, it was withdrawn, and brought out again, under the title of *Second Thoughts are best*, when it was however finally damned.

§ These puns on Foote turning here on a different hinge from those in page 40, the author presumes he may be excused the repetition.

parted, but yet, my friends, although he persecuted dear Dr Squintum, let us speak well of him, now his campaign is at an end, for surely he understood human nature *fundamentally*; although his detractors said he went in *the back way*, and, though they allowed him to be an excellent engineer at a *bum*, courageous at an *assault*, and incomparable at entering a *breach*, yet did they say, (so envenomed is the tongue of malice,) that he always chose to engage in the *rear*: but peace be with him, though he was a blister to the backs of the righteous, and griping verjuice to the bowels of the saints. †

BESIDES, let us more and more rejoice; yea, let us, I say, shout with a mighty shout, for lo! there is *The Devil to pay* among the dealers in dramatic abomination, as was revealed to me in several visions, the subject of which I will just relate to ye.

METHOUGHT, while I slumbered, I beheld a *cook's shop*, situated in the grove of whoredoms, † where they sell *dramatic joints*, *catgut soup*, and *pantomimical hashes*, seasoned with

D 2

tragic

† If it be thought necessary to shorten this piece, it may, with propriety, be concluded here.

† Drury-lane.

tragic onions, comic spices, and Attic salt; and methought a little man, nicknamed Roscius, sold his share of the *boxes, the benches, the kitchen, and the kitchen-stuff, the raw pieces* † in the larder, and those already *dressed*, to four of Satan's agents, ‡ when, shortly after, a disagreement arising between them and the *cook*, § who had been a partner with the little man, the *shop* was shut up two nights, || to the great disappointment of all who travel in the high road of theatric vanity, and bait at those places, which are half-way houses, as it were, to Belzebub's smoaky mansion. Then, methought, the affray being settled and the *shop* opened again, they *dressed up* a French piece, †† done into English by a cookaded man, ‡‡ yea, one who weareth the abomination of steel by his side; and behold, the first night of its being *served up*, the *customers* finding fault with a female *waiter*, ||| her place, the next night, was given

† Plays, &c. under consideration, or, as the theatrical phrase is, those on the shelf.

‡ Messrs Sheridan and Co.

§ Mr. Lacy.

|| Literally the case, no plays being performed for two nights, in consequence (as was said) of a dispute among the managers.

†† Semiramis, translated from the French.

‡‡ Capt. Ayscough.

||| Mrs Reddish.

given to another, the daughter of Belzebub's mouth-piece : † then the female *waiter* who had lost her *place* felt herself much indisposed, and complained aloud of her being an *injured woman* ; but, beloved, I would not have ye think, as the worldly wags would have insinuated, that she (to make use of an unseemly phrase) was *clapt* ; ‡ no, my dear friends, it was the want of being well *clapped* || that caused her disorder.

THEN I looked again, and methought an advertising *manager* or *foreman* of a *shop*, situated near the market for green herbs, †† (in which shop is worked up the *embroidered silk* and *sattin* of tragedy, the *plain broad-cloth* of comedy, and the *patch-work garb* of pantomime,) took measure of the caprice of the age,

D 3

and

† Miss P. Hopkins. (now Mrs Brereton,) daughter of the prompter, to whom the part being given, it occasioned Mrs Reddish to state her case in the public papers, signing herself *An injured Woman*.

‡ Alluding to a card, which, in consequence of her writings on the subject being carried to an extreme and ridiculous length, was inserted in one of the papers, and put an end to her appeals. — The card was to this purpose, That, as she was an *injured woman*, she could not do better than apply to Mr. Sharpe (a surgeon of great skill in venereal cases) for relief.

|| i.e. Much applauded.

†† Covent-Garden Theatre.

and made up a *female* captain of a gang of highwaymen and a *female* gardener; † and, though it seemed to *suit* the humour of the people, yet the daily chroniclers, posters, and intelligencers, tried to *rip it up*, to *pick out the stitches*, and make its *quietus with a bare bodkin* of pointed criticism. Then this advertising foreman, finding himself (as it appeared to me) pricked therewith as with a *needle*, seemed to say, I value not the critics' *bodkin* the *cracking of a louse*; and though, with the *sbeers* of sarcasm, they fain would *cut my work to rags*, yet, since what I have done doth *fit* the public taste, if I can but keep the *journeymen and women* on my theatric *shop-board* fully employed, the critics' *pickings, rippings, and cuttings up*, with the *sweepings* of my *shop-board*, I consign to *hell*.

THEN I lifted up my eyes again, and beheld a *hot-pot stalk*, and the *hot-pot* fold therein was made of the *British spirits* of dramatic intoxication, *sweetened* with the *sugar* of worldly wit, and *frothed* with the *eggs* of smooth theatrical

† Alluding to Mrs Kennedy's performing the parts of Capt. Macheath, in the Beggar's Opera, and Young Meadows, in Love in a Village, in which she met with much applause, and drew many full houses.

trical *déception*. This *hot-pot stall* was situated in a town famous for manufacturing hardwares, † and was kept by a *crook-fingered man*, nicknamed, by the wife of his bosom, *Richard, King of Quavers*; ‡ and lo he wanted a *licence*! and therefore he sent in a petition to the assembly of the people's representatives, signifying his royal wish to sell *hot-pot* with a *licence*: but, though he thought to smoothe them over with the king and queen of Quavers' compliments, § behold, that *crotchet* did not avail, for lo they laughed thereat, with many a bitter joke; and, though some said theatric *hot-pot* was a pleasant drink, and wished his majesty of Quavers to have a *licence*, yet others said, theatric *hot-pot* was too expensive for the workers of iron and brass to purchase; and as it had appeared that many had been forced to go to his *waiters'* benefits, || and

D 4

that

† A theatre at Birmingham, under the management of Mr. Yates.

‡ A nick name given to him in the epilogue to *Electra*, spoken by Mrs. Yates.

§ Cards were really sent to many members of the house of commons, with Mr. and Mrs. Yates's compliments, by way of influence, which, unluckily for them, were the subject of much banter among the members.

|| It came out, in the course of the debate, that many working people had been obliged to take tickets for the benefits, for purposes needless to be here mentioned.

that the major part of the dwellers in that town were against his having a *licence*, and likewise for fear it might happen to us as it did to the Romans of old, whose grandeur declined from the time that theatric *hot-pot stalls* were *licensed*,† behold, the *King of Quavers* was refused one; then did he fume and fret, till (as some foul-mouthed wags insinuated) his rage found a vent behind, to the great annoyance of the nostrils of those who were near him. Being thus thwarted in his royal desires, he would not come to any terms with another *mixer up* and *vender* ‡ of theatric *hot-pot*, who, in the winter season, is a *singing waiter* at the royal licensed *hot-pot stall* near the market for green herbs, which gave a strolling *hot-pot vender* an opportunity to run away with all the *custom*,§ and the *King of Quavers* was obliged to be content with *serving up* Italian *capons* and *eat-gut sauce*|| at the king's stall in the market for sun-dried grafs. Thus did this mighty buffle prove a
Much

† Strictly the substance of part of the debates.

‡ Mr. Mattocks, who was manager of another theatre in Birmingham.

§ One Collins, master of a strolling company, who took advantage of their disputes, both their theatres being shut up.

|| Italian eunuchs, and their concomitant, violin music; Mr. Yates being then a proprietor of the Opera-house.

Much ado about Nothing, and served the people for a *Summer's* and a *Winter's Tale*. Then I awoke, and lo it was all a dream !

AND now, my beloved hearers, by way of conclusion, I'll give out a few verses, the substance of which is a vision, which brother Lank had, respecting the cork-legged son of dramatic abomination, whose campaign (as I observ'd before) is at an end.

*'Twas in the shade of a huge tree,
Beside a riv'let clear,
I dreamt I saw — what I did see,
And heard — what I did hear.*

*I saw and heard four devils grim
Disputing, in great rage,
How they should cook a precious limb,†
Who'd just hopp'd off the stage.*

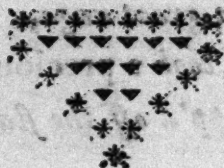
*And who, though in the foremost row
O'the boxes fain he'd sit,
Was cramm'd into the pit below,
For Satan's benefit.*

Like

† The words in Roman are taken from Foote's epilogue to the
Minor.

*Like a Foot-ball, he first was kick'd,
 To make him fit for eating,
 Black-pudding like, he next was prick'd,
 And then hung up to sweeten.*

*At last, they stew'd him, and, meanwhile,
 Did merr'ly sing and talk,
 And, t' make the water quickly boil,
 They burnt his LEG OF CORK.*



 FOREIGN EMPIRIC

AND

IRISH ANDREW.

 DOCTOR.†

GENTLEFOLKS,

ALTHOUGH mynheer VanClatterbank, mynheer Myersback, Dr. Bosse, and many others, make an ostentatious parade of their abilities, all I shall say of myself is this, that the famous Pontro-sanero Cankeko Alem-bilicus, first physician to Quam-quow, the emperor of Glamglingbock, was my father, from whom I have the knowledge of glysterology, blisterology, pillology, bolusology, and plaisterology; cuppism, bleedism, and medicinism; chemicalstration, pharmacopation, and

† In this speech, (supposed to be delivered by a German in broken English,) as in other pieces in this collection, the attempt to imitate, by false spelling, the necessary peculiarity of pronunciation has been intentionally avoided, as it not only appears extremely awkward, but generally proves inadequate to the intended purpose.

and bubbleation ; but it is through my own sagacity that I am profound in hieroglyphicism, cabalism, and talmudism ; chiromancy and palmistry ; physiology and astrology ; am an adept in the analisation of the elements ; and have comprized all the learning and experience of the ante-deluvians and post-deluvians, together with my own, in a small duodecimo volume : — not that I mean, by so saying, to reflect on the voluminous works of your English doctors, such as their Pharmacopœiæ's, or Dispensaries, their Dissertations and Lexicons ; no, for so great a consumption of paper makes good for trade ; besides, as the greatest part is generally converted into waste-paper, it saves shopkeepers a deal of monies : — but my little volume contains all that is known or can be known, —

Andr. ARRAH, and more than ever can or will be known !

Doctor. HOWEVER, to give you some idea of my abilities, I beg leave to say that I have discovered how to make the arcanum sublimum of Hermes Trismegistus, and the true aurumagogical tincturum vivæ of Apollo, whereby I can extract gold from fire, air, water, or
earth ;

earth ; or how could I afford to sell my medicines so cheap as I do ? (and, only that I commiserate your propensity to diseases, and the confidence you put in your English doctors, I would not,) for an English doctor would make a greater fortune, by the most inferior of my medicines, than Norton by his scurvy-drops, Dominicetti by his roasting, boiling, and sweating, machines, or Wesley by his spiritual Foundery physic. ——— Andrew, while I examine these poor people, inform the company of some of the least of my cures.

Andr. ARRAH, gentlemen, the doctor himself there, alone and without any assistance, cured the emperor of Boco-Bungo of a fortification in one of his great-toe nails, which had kept him to his bed seven and twenty years, and reduced him to the size of the doctor's walking-stick ; and, as he would be taking nothing for the cure, the emperor made him a present of a handsome reward, and likewise set up his statue, that, while any remembrance of the doctor's name continued, he might not be forgotten ; and the doctor, besides, cured his prime minister of that damnation Scotch disorder, the itch, by preventing his

his

his catching it of the bare-bumm'd sons of whores, that the emperor was so fond of having about him, out of compliment to his mother.

Doctor. AY, good people, it would be well for you all if your English doctors were cured of the itch for monies, but, begar, they don't want to be cured, while they can have their hands scratched with the guineas.

Andr. THE doctor next cured the great big king of Spankerkaugh of an — an — hoo, fil-liloo, — an — arrah what the devil was it doctor?

Doctor. Why it was an *ocularis pupilitantum*, that is, in plain English, gentlefolks, an anti-humidicustricore in his left eye.

Andr. AUGH, that same outlandish word would have broken my jaw-bone to have spoken it. — But, however, his sight was so bad that he could not see any thing 'till he looked at it, nor then neither. — Though by St. Patrick's brogues, if I was to tell you of all the cures the doctor has performed, I should never have done. Arrah, my dear cratures, you don't know the doctor, nor ever will: why he can tell, by only looking at
your

your water, whether you will be hang'd or drown'd, or whether you will live 'till you die, or not.

Doctor. Ay, good people, I am not like an English doctor, who, when a patient tells him he is not well, looks for his disorder in a dictionary.

Andrew. No, no, faith, the doctor is not one of them, nor you don't see the doctor hold out his fist for a guinea, as they do.

Doctor. OR two guineas, if they ride in their chariots. — Good folks, I am very sorry to say that you think a man knows nothing unless he rides in a chariot and wears a bag and a sword; though, begar, your English doctors wear two bags, one to their wigs, and another for their monies; and, as for a sword, I do not see what occasion they have for that, for, begar, they kill people enough with their physick; and, if they charge but a little money for their medicines, (though they seldom make that mistake,) you think their physick is good for nothing: and they take care that you shall not understand what they say, lest you should think they are not learned men;

men; though, as I said before, it is not a trifle that will make them speak at all.

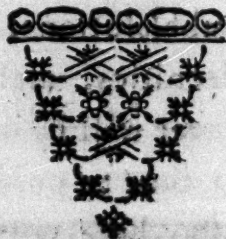
Andrew. ARRRAH, without it is a great big trifle, agra!

Doctor. For my part, I know not what your English doctors are good for, unless to make work for nurses, wooden-leg makers, undertakers, and grave-diggers; therefore, good people, take my advice, and trust them no longer, for they pretend to cure diseases they have not names for, and all they know is, how to jabber a few hard words which they don't understand the meaning of themselves, if there be any meaning to them: so let me advise you, I say, to trust them no longer, but apply to me, for I am the only infallible doctor that ever was or ever will be, as thousands in all parts of the world are ready to testify, who have been cured by my medicines, and particularly by my grand specific, which is this, and which I call my catholicon lunam plalmalgotgentiltickleall, being the quintessence of the animal, vegetable, mineral, ærial, and even ætherial, kingdoms; equally efficacious in the shiverations, witherations, cutaneous or cuticulous mortifications;

scrub

serub or rubifications; gangrenarions or carious mortifications; the sniffleations or snuffleations; proceeding either from phlegmicisms or viscidisms; nervous or cartilaginous contractions and relaxations; frigidities, torridities, and humidities; spasms and chasms; the crinkasms and crankasms; tumorous and humorous tantillations, titillations, and frittletations; flirtations and squirtations; having in it the virtues of all the lotions and potions, solutions and bubblelutions, sympathetics, antipathetics, spleenitics, and fundamentics, that ever were or ever will be discovered. So, I say, now is your time to purchase health and long life. My stay here will be but short; though, good people, while I do stay, I shall attend here every day for the benefit of the poor; and, as for the rich, they may either see me or hear of me at the celestial temple of health, on the grand terrace of longevity, where, written over the portico, you may read, "the most famous among the most noted of those who are most celebrated for genius and knowledge, the never to be forgotten doctor Grauhaumauko Myersbokobosso, member and fellow of all the philosophical and physical

societies in Europe, physician to crowned heads and nobles without number, man-midwife to the Grand Signor's seraglio, and knight of the most glorious order of Esculapius.



AN

A N

ANTI-THEATRIC
QUAKER'S ORATION,
OR
HOLDING FORTH

FRIENDS, —

WHILE — I was — retired within,
— and communing with my inward
man, behold, I was likening the high-places
of theatrical idolatry unto rotten cheese, and
the worshippers therein unto mites, inasmuch
as they delight to assemble together therein.

MOREOVER, the spirit suggested to me, that
the vanity of stage-buffoonery is like — yea,
like unto a pot of treacle, and the children of

this world like unto the buzzing insects, being often allured thereby. But, O my friends, let us not sniff or snuff after theatric vanity, lest, peradventure, being attracted by the tempting scent thereof, we fall into the treacle-pot of abomination : — umh. —

AND, O my friends, I greatly fear, yea, it grieveth my inward man to utter what I fear, but the spirit urgeth me, therefore I must : in short, then, friends, I greatly fear ye are all too fond of soup ; — but I mean not gravy-soup nor hot pease-soup ; — nay ; — but I mean the soup of stage abomination, for lo ! the lighted candle, that illumineth my inward man, doth plainly shew unto me, that the stage is Satan's pottage-pot, in which he steweth down the shin-bones of dramatic vanity, and the splitted pease of carnal wit ; the soup of which the worldly ones do gobble down, 'till, like to overcrammed turkies, lo they gape and stare !

BUT now do I find the spirit of prophecy within me, and I will vociferate ; therefore listen, O ye sons of men, yea, hearken to the words of my lips : behold, although the wicked ones do pelt us with the rotten eggs of
ridicule,

ridicule, and although the four crab-apples of the vain-ones' scoffing gripe us, we shall not want the peppermint of comfort, yea, nor the aniseed of consolation; and although the walls of stage-abomination are strong and lofty, like unto the walls of Jericho, behold, when flap-brimmed purity and green-aproned sanctity sound the ram's-horn and cow-horn of faith, in the strength of the spirit, then will theatrical pollution, like the temple of Dagon, come tumbling down, to the confusion of the wicked and the joy of the brethren. — Umh. —

THEREFORE, my friends, although, in the abomination of a comic opera, nicknamed the Quaker, the hirelings of Satan vainly mimic us in our plain attire, our solemn gait, and primitive simplicity of speech, and grieve the faithful, by putting the prophanation of sing-song into our mouths, let us not crack the nut-shells of enmity, in order to chew the kernels of revenge; "and I say unto ye, that, verily, ah!" * although we quake in the outward man, let us, in the inward man, be

REMAINE

E 3

Steady,

* A line in one of the favourite songs of the opera, called the Quaker.

Steady, † and not like Solomon, ‡ the proverb-monger, run our noses into the carnal cupboard of fleshly lusts, lest we be caught in the traps of uncleanness, and then, too late, find out that all is vanity: which, if we shun, my friends, although we are now baked, as it were, in the kiln of tribulation, we shall come out as glazed bricks to build up the walls of the latter Sion, and be chopped and sawed into beams and pillars, joists and rafters, to support the gates thereof or the habitations therein. — Umh. —

† Name of the principal character.

‡ Name of another character.



FEMALE



FEMALE QUAKER.



MEN, *and* BRETHREN, —

WHILST Leah Drivel — who hath oft' times had — the spirit within her, — was holding forth, I being retired within, the spirit said to my inward woman, Sarah, — Sarah, — Sarah, I say, arise, and wag thy organ of utterance as I shall thee incite, for verily verily Leah Drivel's holding forth is little better than — yea, little better than the cackling of a hen, or the yelping of Toby Snufflewell's little bitch. — Umh. —

THEREFORE, my friends, I shall utter, with the tongue of intelligence. — Behold, it came to pass, as I was journeying, on the

third day of the 7th month, on the way-side, with favillaws and polonies for the market, having occasion to ease my earthly tabernacle, I went behind a hedge, when lo! the whilst I was in the act of thrusting forth the troublesome guest, a voice said, Sarah! Yea, said I, here I am, what willest thou? The voice answered and said, whither journeyest thou? Verily, said I, when I have eased my earthly tabernacle, I shall go with favillaws and polonies to the market; though, peradventure, I may tarry at friend Snifflewhistle's, the bellows-maker's, habitation. Then said the voice, art thou an hungered Sarah? Yea, said I. Then said the voice, art thou thirsty, Sarah? Yea, said I. Then said the voice, thou art a type of the dwellers in modern Babylon, inasmuch as they hunger and thirst after the minced meat of abomination and the savory pottage of iniquity; therefore be speedy in protruding the troublesome inhabitant, for thou must turn thee back, and go unto the great city, and, in the strength of the faith, kick the shin-bone of wickedness until iniquity doth halt. — Umh. —

THEN

THEN I arose, let fall my garments, and came unto this great city : and, now I am come hither, behold, even as Deborah Swallow-tripe, the sausage-maker, stuffeth the sheep-gut, so will I stuff ye with the chopped meat of purity, and I will rub ye up, O ye sons of men; but not as the wanton female rubbeth up your outward man, nay; but I will rub ye up in the inward man, until ye are strongly inclined to do the thing which is good; for, behold, my outward woman is in agitation, as it were, through the perturbation within, at my warm desires to be convinced ye are so minded: I say it moveth me in the spirit, yea, in my inward woman.— Umh.—

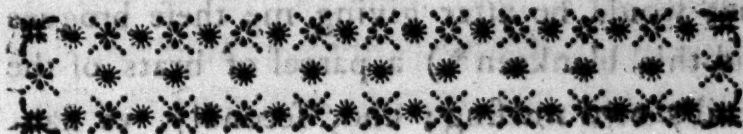
BEWARE of harlots, O my brethren, lest they dandle with the unruly member, and cause an insurrection of the flesh, and ye become like unto Tobias, my first-born, who was allured by a harlot with a smirking eye and of a pleasant countenance, and who thereupon went in unto her, but lo he caught the infection, yea the malady was great, for he lost a goodly nose! — Umh. —

BEWARE of gluttony, for gluttony maketh a big belly, yea an exceeding big belly: behold, my friends, the g'utton is a nuisance,
yea,

yea, in diuers ways he is a nuisance, inas-
much as he doth blow and belch, and often
times the wind escapeth from behind him, with
a mighty noise, and sendeth forth an unfa-
uourly smell. — Umh. —

AND, lastly, beware of bibbing, that is to
say, after the manner of the wicked ones, be-
ware of tipling, for by bibbing ye drown the
spirit and put out the light within. Behold,
a bibber is a stumbling-block in the way of
the righteous, even as neighbour Spiggot was,
who, ye all know, was a bibber: but verily
I'll say no more of him, as he and I have often
times passed a merry eve together; for lo! his
tap was always free for me to go unto; yea,
oft' I turned it and turned it again, and the
liquor which I drew from thence was pleasant
to my natural woman, it was reviving, yea,
my friends, it was a cordial. — Umh. —





A

ROMAN CATHOLIC MASS-HOUSE

LECTURE,

ADDRESSED TO THE VULGAR IRISH,

AND DELIVERED BY AN

IRISH PRIEST.



SO, there ye all are, now, expecting, I suppose, that I shall slabber and palaver ye, and come mother Delaney over ye, who had a tongue that would carney over the very devil himself; but, before I spake one word to ye, I tell ye, first and foremost, ye are all
(except

(except some of ye, who I see are not here, that would be after giving me these brogues and this blankeen *) a parcel of brats of the devil's own nursing; and, secondly, ye slabber up wickedness as if it was butter-milk or bunnaugh-clabber; thirdly, ye haven't a morsel of goodness in ye half so big as a scraughen potatoe; fourthly and lastly, ye don't care what becomes of your poor souls, though, when ye come to confession, ye make such a hubbubbubbooing about them. Augh, the devil will play hell with ye for it, and ye may say that I said so, for you come here with your beads and your credo's and your ave-mary's, and to thump your craws, while, perhaps, ye are thinking whose throats ye shall cut; nay, very likely, ye may cut mine before the next time I celebrate mass here, ye are a pack of such bloody-minded bog-trotters: for, devil burn me, I dare say it was some one or t'other of ye who kill't poor Tedy Balin O'Graugh, upon the blind quay, where, if it had not been for Jammy M'Gree and myself, the poor fellow had lost his life because of it.

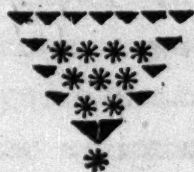
* A loose great coat.

it. But ye will be after doing these things, for all I put ye in mind of them never so often. Augh, ye carneying thieves, you'll be damn'd for it, as the methodists say, whether or not; so it doesn't magnify your howling and yowling about it, for who the devil is to find ye in absolutions and indulgencies for nothing at all at all? if I do, the devil his own self may stew me in Peg Gugararoo's fire-pot. — But why the devil will I be bothering ye about the devil, when ye don't know who the devil is, any more than the Pope of Rome, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, or nobody else; and therefore as ye may like to hear a little moriel about him, I'll be after telling ye something concerning that same Mr. Devil, out of charity to ye, that ye may know whether it be him or not, the next time ye see him, or have any thing to do with him, or he with you. Arrah, believe me, my honies, he is a devilish black ill-looking son of a bitch, with a pair of eyes bigger than his whole carcase put together, and with a tail like a great big shilalatre, which he pisses upon, and whisks about your eyes, and then ye can't see what ye are talking about, and so ye sputter out all manner

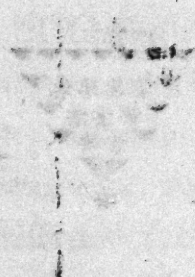
ner

nor of balderdash: but as nobody never
 would be seeing him, there's no knowing what
 colour he's of; for sometimes he's white,
 sometimes he's blue, sometimes he's ———
 Hurroo, Pat Mahoney, you son of a whore,
 up in the corner there, an't you ashamed of
 yourself, to be poking your fist up the girl's
 petticoats while I am preaching? arrah, you
 thought, I suppose, that I couldn't see you,
 because I was looking another way. — Devil
 fire me, but you've put me out. — Augh, I
 know now what I was upon. — Sometimes the
 devil is black, sometimes he's all manner of
 colours, and sometimes he's no manner of col-
 our at all at all, just as it suits him: and as
 for jumping, the devil can't match himself
 for that, for he thinks no more of taking a
 flying leap from Patrick O'Fagan's, in Tip-
 perary, to Jackey M'Owen's, in Iniskilling,
 than I do of peeling a potatoe: and as for
 where he was born, nobody knows that, or
 whether or no he was ever born at all at all;
 or where he was christened, (though he has had
 as many names upon his head as there are
 hairs upon his tail,) because the registers are all
 lost. — But, however, all that I can say to ye
 about

about him I know is to as much purpose as telling a cow to say the pater-noster, so I'll take no more trouble with ye, ye snivelling blathering thieves ye, but let ye alone, 'till ye get into that half-way house called purgatory, where the devil a drop of good whiskey you'll find, I can tell ye that; and therefore, without ye leave a trifle or so behind for me, the devil a saint will I pray to, to help ye out. — But as I see that I have put melancholly upon the blade-bones of your faces, I'll be finishing my sermon by concluding it with telling ye, for your comforts, that ye are not a bit better than a parcel of rotten potatoes, fit only for the devil to fatten his hogs with.



about him I know is to as much purpose as
telling a story to the patient-nurse, to fill
take no more trouble with ye, ye involving
disturbing things ye, but let ye alone, till
ye get into that half-way house called muni-
cality, where the devil's drop of good whiskey
will find I can tell ye that; and therefore,
without ye leave a little or so behind for me,
the devil's drop will pay ye, to help ye out.
—But as I find I have put melancholly
upon the black-board of your face, I'll be
kindness my friend, the consolation of ye with
telling ye, that your melancholly shall be got
a lot better than a parcel of rotten potatoes.
—For the devil's drop will pay ye with



A
L E C T U R E
ON
PUNCH, WINE, PIPES *and* TOBACCO,
AND A
M E R R Y S O N G:
Spoken in the Character of a
HALF-TIPSY PARSON.*

A Song, ha! ask me for a song! No, no;
I'll give you something more suitable to
my cloth, and which will be more to your
edification, if you properly apply it. — In
few words, then, I mean to deliver to you
something by way of lecture on punch, wine,
pipes and tobacco, and a merry song.

FIRST, Punch. — Punch, beloved, is a com-
pound; so is man: sometimes it is either too

F

four

* This lecture is intended as a contrast or counterpart to that
in page 21.

four or too sweet ; so is man : sometimes it is
 either too strong or too weak ; so is man : some-
 times it is either too hot or too cold ; so is
 man : and, lastly, sometimes the ingredients
 are good and well mixed, and then, and then
 only, it is fit for company ; so, in man, some-
 times the humours are well disposed, and then
 he is what may be called a social companion,
 and, like good punch, is fit to be introduced to
 good company. From which close analogy
 between man and punch I infer, that where
 one is there also should the other be. — Besides,
 my brethren, ye cannot (in strict propriety)
 be deemed good men, patient and forgiving,
 unless ye drink punch. — But to explain. —
 In drinking punch, beloved, ye encounter the
 sweets and sour, partly, of this life. For ye
 do not turn one cheek only to the smiting of
 the brandy, rum, or arrack, contained therein,
 but ye turn both ; and then, like unto cheeks
 otherwise buffeted, they appear red and heated,
 resembling, in some measure, the cheeks of
 Dr. Bibbinglove, of Jollygrove ; inasmuch as
 he, after many jovial nights, with a face —
 (if I may quote Milton, where he says, “ As,
 “ to compare great things with small,”) —
 I say, inasmuch as he, with a face glowing
 like

like the rising sun, seldom gets home till broad day-light ; thus serving (as he himself jocundly says) as a very good alarum, to indicate to his family that it is time for those, who wish to appear diligent, to shake off the sluggard, and arise.

SECONDLY, Wine. — Beloved, we are told that wine maketh glad the heart of man and his countenance merry, and I need not say that the best and the wisest † of men have made proof thereof: for (to mention no other names) Solomon, no doubt, drank wine, especially as he waxed in years. To prove which, ye all know, or at least ought to know, that he had abundance of golden vessels, of various kinds, with silver and brazen ones out of number: and what use do you suppose the golden ones were put to? I hope you don't think to hold lamp-oil, or that they were used as chamber-utenfils. No, no. Indeed, the silver and brazen ones might be consigned to such purposes, as we are given to understand that silver was then of less value than her majesty's ware (commonly called queen's-ware) is now. But, to shew the worth of wine, Solomon, in

F 2

his

† David and Solomon.

his great wisdom, set the golden ones apart to contain it,† as well for his own and his boon associates drinking, as for the purposes of the priests. — Priests! Ay, beloved, priests in former times (though I say it, who am one) knew how to take care of themselves as well as priests do now. — But, waving these matters, as ye certainly know, my brethren, that the Turks, by their Alcoran, are expressly forbidden to drink wine, therefore, O all ye who go by the name of Christians, if ye do not drink wine, I say, let who will oppose it, that ye are, in that respect, as bad as Turks, and consequently hardly fit to live in a Christian country.

THIRDLY, Pipes and Tobacco. — In the first ages of the world, we may be pretty certain that there was little sociality among men, as we understand the word; but, in process of time, as men grew civilized, ere smoking was practised, you may read, in scriptural history, of their having at their feasts, instead thereof, burning frankincense and myrrh; though, as the world became more and more enlightened, the custom of smoking was introduced, even so early as in Solomon's time, as I, after much
reading

reading and investigation, found it to have been : for, beloved, in my younger days, I delighted in exploring *difficult passages*, and even did *penetrate far* into many *dark and hidden things* ; and, though the *extremities* of some were too *deep* for me to *fathom*, yet I can say I have *opened the avenues* of a few *mysteriously close* subjects, into which others, of more *venturous* or *prying parts*, have perhaps *entered* farther. — But, as my bare *ipse dixit* may not satisfy those, perhaps, who may wish to know how smoking came to be practised so many ages ago, I will explain the matter, though my explanation may be thought hypothetical, however certain of its validity I myself may be.

As Solomon, my beloved, was, in a supreme degree, acquainted with the secrets of art and nature, we must not suppose but that he knew of the longitude and of the properties of the magnet ; through which knowledge he enabled his seamen to make the long voyages they did ; and, as the learned are hardly determined about the situation of Ophir, we may as well conclude that they went to America as to any other conjectural place, and exchanged their

Jewish trinkets for gold, silver, feathers, and tobacco.

BUT now, to turn from meer matter of information to matter of edification, let me observe, my beloved, that man should always be employed while he is awake, for, if not, he differs but little from the brutes, whose appetites being once satisfied, they are completely happy till their appetites rouse them again from the indolence they then indulge. For behold, that man who sitteth humdruming, as I may say, without a pipe in his mouth, verily he seemeth like a sojourner in a strange land: and shame on such an one, who will not take a pipe and socially employ himself: for, brethren, while we are smoking, we are, in a manner, translated, and, like the gods of old, we enjoy each other's company in the clouds.

FOURTHLY and lastly, A merry Song. — Beloved, whenever I hear a merry song, however odd such an introduction to this part of my lecture may seem, or however strange the allusion may be, it putteth me in mind of pudding or custard. — But to explain. — Punch, wine, and tobacco, collectively considered, I deem the standing dish of a jovial company, and a merry

merry song I look upon as a necessary, moveable, made-up, dish, attendant thereon, as pudding or custard is on a sir-loin or rump, which is generally a standing dish at a feast where eating is the primary object of gratification: though, beloved, let me say, that roasted sir-loin or rump is valuable even without the concomitants just mentioned, as I have heretofore experienced, when, at a lord-mayor's feast, I have been obliged to eat beef alone, through some of the company's stuffing their pockets, as well as their bellies, with pudding; or secretly before, or openly and heroically after, dinner, gulping down nine or ten times their share of delicious custard. —

BUT now to my comparison. — As sir-loin or rump, although intrinsically valuable, (as observed before) is rendered much more so when accompanied with pudding or custard, even so the value of punch, wine, and tobacco, is much enhanced when accompanied with a merry song. Thus, beloved, I have explained why I compare pudding and custard to a merry song; and thus, beloved, I analogically infer that a merry song is as conducive to the giving a relish to the enjoyment of punch, wine, and tobacco, as pudding and custard are to adding

a grace to an already graceful sir-loin or rump.
 — Ay, my beloved, if I were at the top of canonical affairs, there should be more church-singing than we have now, and it should be of a more sprightly, that is to say, of a merrier, kind. — But to explain. — For my part, I have often thought, that, if the substance of my pulpit-orations was disposed in a method similar to that of a merry song, and delivered in a requisite manner, then, instead of the nodding, drowsy, or sleeping, congregations, which I sometimes behold beneath me, though I may be delivering a transcript of some most famous reverend father, (for, under the rose, I never write myself,) then, I say, their eyes would keep open, their ears be continually pricking up, and the merriness of the matter and manner would cause them to retain what they are now contented with barely knowing the title of, or, in other words, the text. Ah, beloved, I am sorry to say it, but popish countries have the advantage of us in wakeful congregations, the music, which they have there in great plenty, keeping them awake, it being (except on particular occasions) so much like merry singing. Nay, I have sometimes thought that the service in a Jews' Synagogue excels
 ours

ours in that respect, as I never saw a sleepy audience there, which surely must be attributed to their making something like a joyful, or, in other words, a merry, noise; though, to be sure, it is rather in the rough musical style. — But to return. — What I was talking of, beloved, respecting church-singing, is a work of reformation too arduous for a poor vicar like myself to undertake; it is a piece of business that I must leave to my superiors, the bishops, or to their superiors, the arch-bishops, to perform, and therefore I conclude this part of my lecture with drinking success to the undertaking, whenever they choose to attempt it. [*Drinks.*]

And now, beloved, to remark on the whole, seeing that, in drinking punch, we shew ourselves to be patient and forgiving, and that the best of men drank wine, and that the wisest added smoking thereto, and having also shewn that merry singing is a needful appendage to drinking and smoking, I therefore exhort you to drink punch and wine, to smoke tobacco, and to approve of a merry song, or how can ye well answer the end of creation, namely, that man should be a social being, that is to say, a cheerful

ful companion, or a good fellow? For wine and punch exhilarate the spirits, smoking filleth up the intervals of mirth, and a merry song causeth old time to pass even as a weaver's shuttle, and without which a company would be little more convivial than a quakers' silent meeting, or in as little good humour (though perhaps not quite so turbulent) as a vestry-meeting without plenty of wine. And here I close my discourse, wishing we may never want good punch or wine, whenever we mean to enjoy a convivial hour or two, [*filling a glass,*] tobacco, while any good fellow sells it, or a merry song, or any thing else, while brother ——— hath ability and inclination to oblige us, which, if he hath, I, in the name of all present, will thank him for so doing.

Note, If the preceding lecture be thought worthy of recital, and should be deemed too long to be delivered at once, it may be divided into two parts; one part on punch and wine, the other on pipes and tobacco and a merry song. The introduction to each may be the same, only annexing the proper heads to them, and the conclusions must necessarily be as follow.

Conclusion

Conclusion to the First Part.

AND now, beloved, to conclude. Seeing that, in drinking punch, we shew ourselves to be good men, patient, and forgiving, and seeing likewise that the best of men drank wine, I exhort ye all to do the like, or how can ye answer the end of creation, namely, that man should be a social being, or, in other words, a cheerful companion or a good fellow? For punch and wine exhilarate the spirits, and cause old time to pass even as a weaver's shuttle, and without which a company would be little more convivial than a quaker's silent meeting, or in as little good-humour (though perhaps not quite so turbulent) as a vestry-meeting without plenty of liquor.

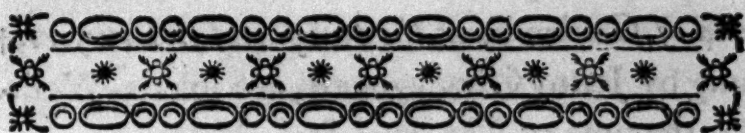
Conclusion to the Second Part, on Pipes and Tobacco and a merry Song.

AND now, to conclude, seeing that so wise and great a monarch as Solomon smoked tobacco, and that, while smoking, we are, in a manner translated to the clouds; and seeing, likewise, that a merry song is a proper appendage to the more substantial food of a convivial

vivial company, I exhort you all to approve of both, or how can you answer the end of creation, namely, that man should be a social creature, that is to say, a merry companion or a good fellow? Since smoking filleth up the intervals of mirth, and a merry song causeth old time to pass even as a weaver's shuttle. So here I close my discourse, with wishing that, when inclined to enjoy a cheerful hour or two, we may never want tobacco, while any good fellow deals in it, or a merry song, while any social brother hath ability and inclination to sing one.



THE



THE ST. GILES'S

TATTERDEMALLION

BALLAD-SINGER.



COME, my lucky masters, here's a choice collection of songs, that have have been sung at Drury-Lane, *Common-Garden*, *Sadler's-Wells*, the *Operoar-House*, *Fox-Hall*, and other places, out of the most *famousteft roratories* and *comical operoars*, and by the most *notified* he and she *wablers*. — Bless your eyes and limbs, my nobles, lay out a *mag* with poor cher-ruping Sam, as the dust is plaguy short with me, now, and as I don't come here every night. — But come, I'll tip ye a chaunt, and then, perhaps, your hearts may be open.

THE

THE first song is intitled and called *The Garland of Garlands, or the two faithful Lovers*,† sung by Jenny Gigglegoggle, at Sadler's-Wells. To the tune of *The cruel Step-Mother*.

Y E *love-yers* all, both young and old,
 To me I pray draw near,
 A very *molloncholly* tale
 Ye then shall quickly hear,
 All of a *vargin* bright, whose heart
 Young Cupid did enthrall
 With *constant* liking for a youth,
 So comely, strait, and tall.

And though he loved her likewise
 More than his own dear life,
 Their *parunts* would not let *um* wed,
 Therefore he *takes* a knife,
 Which he in his fair body *jobbs*,
Jest under the breast-bone,
 O! 'twould have pierc'd your hearts, I'm sure,
 To hear his dying groan.

Soon

† This song is intended as an epitomised parody on the many well-known sheet-ballads, such as *The Warwickshire Garland*, *The cruel Guardian*, &c. the subjects of which are generally the loves and deaths of the heroes and heroines. — The style of singing it (it may be observed) should be rather vulgarly dolorous. Vide the parody inserted farther on, where the substance of this song is adapted to a familiar tune.

Soon arter that, this *vargin* bright
 Did chance to go that way,
 When, 'spying his stiff clay-cold corpe,
 (As in gore blood it lay,)
 O! *sitch* a *screeking* she did make,
 It pierc'd the very skies,
 Then *takes* the knife and *stobs* herself,
 And so she died likewise.

Now all hard-hearted *parunts*, who
 Have heard this story *towld*,
 (And which is *sartinly anough*
 To make one's blood run *cowld*,)
 A warning take, and likewise *larn*,
 By *this here* dismal tale,
 Ne'er to oppose your *childurn's* love,
 For 'twill in spite *prowail*.

THE next song is a copy of *varses*, intituled
 and called *The Masqueraders, or the World as*
it wags, † sung at the Pantheon in *Hogs-foot*
Road. YE

† Though this song (originally written for a masquerade
 purpose, in the character of a tatterdemallion ballad-singer,) was
 inserted in several public papers from the distributed copies;
 yet, having undergone alterations, the author presumes it is not
 improperly admitted into this collection.

The Masqueraders, or the World as it wags.

YE flats, sharps, and rum-ones, who make up this
pothor,

Who gape and stare, just like stuck pigs, at each
other,

As mirrors wherein, at full length, do appear
Your follies reflected, so apish and queer.

Tol de rol, &c.

Attend, while I *sings*, how, in every station,
Masqu'rating is practis'd throughout ev'ry nation;
Some mask for meer pleasure, but many, we know,
To lick in the rino, false faces will *show*.

Tol de rol, &c.

Twig counsellors, jabb'ring 'bout justice and law,
Cease greasing their fists, though, they'll soon
cease their jaw ;

And patriots 'bout freedom will kick up a riot,
'Till their ends are gain'd, and then their jaws are
quiet.

Tol de rol, &c.

Twig methodists phyzzes, with masks sanctimonious,
Their rigs prove, to judge by the phyz is erroneous:
Twig Lank-jaws, the miser, that skin-flint old elf,
From his meagre phyz, who'd think he has the
pelf?

Tol de rol, &c.

Twig

Twig leaves, they're made up of time-serving faces,
 With fawning and flatter'ing for int'rest or places,
 And ladies appear, too, at court and elsewhere,
 In borrow'd complexions, false shapes, and false
 hair. Tol de rol, &c.

Twig clergymen — but, as there needs no more proof,
 My chaunt I concludes, and shall now pad the hoot;
 So, nobles and gents, lug your counterfeits out,
 I'll take brums or cut ones, and thank you, to boot.
 Tol de rol, &c.

N. B. *To suit the above song to a situation where
 performing the character is ineligible, instead
 of the first stanza, as it now stands, the fol-
 lowing may be used.*

Since my occupation is ballads to chaunt,
 I'll rip you a ditry which I has jest larnt,
 And if that you likes it, why then, do you see,
 I hopes each one here will a customer be.
 Tol de rol, &c.

WHAT no copper clinking among you, my
 hearties; no one to give me handsel. — But
 come, the next song is intitled and called

Rural Simplicity, or the Milkmaid's Garland :
 sung by Sukey Squab, at the St. Helena, and
 by Bet Blinkey, at Fox-Hall.

A L L on a bright May-morning once,

Whilst milking of my cow,

Young Hodge came whistling with his team,

As he was going to plow :

When, seeing me, he said that I

Should have a fine green gown ;

And so with that he touzled me,

And tried to throw me down.

At length, upon the grass so green

Young Roger did me pull,

And said, as I'd oft' milk'd the cow,

I now should milk the bull ;

Then hugg'd and kiss'd me o'er and o'er,

But how my heart did beat,

When Roger put into my hand

What he did call his *teat* !

It did howe'er delight me so

That, wishing for to larn

What 'twas young Roger meant thereby,

We went into the barn.

In short, I never was before
 Pleas'd half so much, I vow,
 So ever since I milk young Hodge
 Before I milk my cow.

MY masters and *misseffes*, what ha' ye got
 red-hot heaters in your pockets, that you're
afear'd to thrust your daddles in 'em? — It won't
 do, I say, to stand here all night for nicks. —
 But come, the next song is intitl'd and call'd
The happy Pair, sung at Common-Garden play-
 house by — and —, in the characters of
 Joey Stag'um and Moll Blubbermuns.

To the Tune of Colinet.

YE slangboys all, since wedlock's noose
 Together fast has tied
 Moll Blubbermuns and rowling Joe,
 Each other's joy and pride,
 Your broomsticks and tin kettles bring,
 With canisters and stones,
 Ye butchers, bring your cleavers, too,
 Likewise your marrow-bones.

Dwah dwo dwidlee dwidlee dwiver.

For ne'er a brace in marriage hitch'd
 By no one can be found
 That's half so blest as Joe and Moll,
 Search all St. Giles's round.

Chiverum chivo dwiwerum dwiwo
 Slitherum blitherum bliwer
 Dwidlee dwidlee dwah dwo
 Dwidlee dwidlee dwiwer.

MOLL.

Though saucy queer-gamm'd Smutty-Muns
 Was once my fav'rite man,
 Though rugged-muzzle tink'ring Tom,
 For me left mawmouth'd Nan,
 Though padding Jack and diving Ned
 With blink-ey'd buzzing Sam
 Have made me drunk with hot, and stood
 The racket for a dram, —

Dwah dwo dwidlee dwidlee dwiwer.

Though Scamp, the ballad-finging kid,
 Call'd me his darling frow,
 I've tipp'd them all the double, for
 The sake of rowling Joe.

Chiverum chivo dwiwerum dwiwo
 Slitherum blitherum bliwer
 Dwidlee dwidlee dwah dwo
 Dwidlee dwidlee dwiwer.

JOE.

[101]

JOE.

Although splaw-hoof'd Sal Skulkabout,

And flaming frisking Kit,

Whene'er my dust did taper run,

Would let me snack their bit ;

Though Ciss, who jaw'd black Sukey stiff

And afterwards did fust her,

And though Peg Swob, Kate Ticklerump,

And Bess, her Wilkes-ey'd sister,

Dwah dwo dwiddlee dwiddlee dwiwer,

Call'd me their fav'rite rowling Joe,

Yet, dowse my glims, they all

May nab the rust, since I have got

The heart and hand of Moll.

Chiverum chivo dwiwerum dwiwo

Slitherum blitherum bliwer

Dwidlee dwiddlee dwah dwo

Dwidlee dwiddlee dwiwer.

CHORUS.

Therefore in jolly chorus now

Let's chaunt it altogether,

And let each cull's and doxy's heart

Be lighter than a feather :

And, as the ketter runs quite flush,

Like natty shining kiddies,

To treat the coaxing giggling brims,

With spunk let's post our neddies.

Dwah dwo dwiddlee dwiddlee dwiwer.

The we'll all roll in bub and grub

5 from this ken we go,

Since rowling Joe's tuck'd up with Moll,

And Moll's tuck'd up with Joe.

Chiverum chivo dwiwerum dwiwo

Slitherum blitherum bliwer

Dwidlee dwidlee dwah dwo

Dwidlee dwidlee dwiwer.

Now, my masters and *missesses*, will ye ease your pockets of your loose kelter? else I must fly my kite. — All hearers and no buyers won't do, I say. — Scalp me but one would think you're *afear'd* of pricking your fists with gooseberry bushes. — Why Lord bless your eyes and limbs, I needn't chaunt it here, if I had a *mynt*, for I might warble at the king's *Operoar*-house, in signor Squeakino Catstrati's place, only I *scorns* to take the *peck* out of any — dowse me, I was going to say, out of any man's mouth, — but I mean the — the — smite my glims if I know what to call 'em, unless I call 'em the things. — I must hop the twig though I see, here's nothing to be got. — But however here's another ditty, and that's intitled and called *The Bunter's Christening*, sung
by

by Bobby Skipgibbet at many *notified* places
of public *diversion*. To the Tune of *Stony*
Batter.

BESS TATTER, of Hedge-Lane,

To ragman Joey's joy,

The cull with whom she snooz'd,

Brought forth a chopping boy;

Which was, as one might say,

The moral of his dad, sir,

And at the christ'ning of't

A merry bout they had, sir.

For, when 'twas four weeks old,

Long Ned and dust-cart Chloe

To give the kid a name

Invited were by Joey:

With whom came muzzy Tom,

And sneaking Snip, the boozier,

Rag-picking blear-ey'd Ciss,

And squinting Jack, the bruiser.

Likewise came bullying Sam,

With cat's and dog's meat Nelly,

Young Smut, the chimney-sweep,

And smiling snick-snack Willy,

Peg Swig and Jenny Gog,

The brims with birdlime fingers,

Brought warbling-seedy Dick,

The prince of ballad-fingers.

The guests now being met,

The first thing that was done, fir,

Was handing round the kid,

That all might smack his muns, fir;

A flash of light'ning next

Bess tipt each cull and frow, fir,

Ere they to church did pad,

To have it christ'ned Joe, fir.

Away they then did trudge;

But such a queer procession

Of seedy brims and kids

Is far beyond expression!

The christ'ning being o'er,

They back again soon pik'd it,

To have a dish of lap

Prepar'd for those who lik'd it.

Being all come back, once more

They slabber'd little Joey,

Then, with some civil jaw,

Part squatted to drink bohea,

And part swigg'd barley swipes,

As short-cut they were smoking,

While some their patter flash'd

In gallows fun and joking.

For supper Joey stood

(To treat these curious cronies)

A bullock's melt, hog's maw,

Sheep's heads, and stale polonies;

And

And then they swill'd gin-hot
 Until, blind drunk as Chloe,
 At twelve, all bundled from
 The christ'ning of young Joey.

Ah! my jolly masters, if you had but heard
 one Dicky Lobchops sing that ditty, you'd
 ha' blest your eyes; he'd ha' work'd ye up to
 an oil in a chivey: — but, poor fellow, his
 mummer now is quite muzzled; he got done
 over t'other day, and I'll tell ye how. You
 must know, as he, Peter Rattledice, Patrick
 Pad, and two or three others, were taking an
 airing on Hounslow-Heath, they happened to
 pick up a gold tick and two or three neddies;
 but, some of the nabbing culls being after 'em,
 and Dick and the rest not being up to the gaff,
 Peter Rattledice was had, and dowse his
 peepers he turn'd stag, that is, d'ye see, he
 widdled, and wi' that the others were had-soon
 after; and so then they all danced in darbies in
 Whittington's College; where having been
 some time, they set off one morning to go to
 the *university* to take their degrees, but hap'ning
 to stop just o' t'other side Tyburn turnpike, at
 Tuck'em fair, strike me lapsided if the poor
 kiddies

kiddies weren't all snitch'd. — So you see, I say, by that, how an innocent *parson's* life may be taken away from him; though *howsoever* let's hope that may be none of our hard fates. — But I must shove off my boat, I see, here's no lugging out the bit among ye. — Though come, I've one more song, and that's entitled and called *Mirth and Harmony*, set to music by Good-Fellowship, and sung at (*mentioning the place the performer is in*); and strike me stiff and comical if I don't pike it there directly, for I *knows* as there are some good hearty *gentles*, that won't be against hearing a good ditty, and, if the short stuff is pretty flush with 'em, I *knows* as I shall make something.

[Exit.]



SONG

S O N G

For the President of a convivial Company to commence Festivity with.

SINCE 'tis your will that I preside,
And king be whilst we here abide,

And king be whilst we here abide,

As king, I therefore make it law

To drink, smoke, sing, or ha, ha, ha,

To drink, smoke, sing, or ha, ha, ha.

Attend, whilst we our will declare: —

Dull thinking all must here forbear;

Dull thinking, &c.

'Bout bus'ness now care not a straw,

But drink, smoke, sing, or ha, ha, ha,

But drink, &c.

Embosom'd spleen or open pique,

Offence direct or jeer oblique,

Offence direct, &c.

Far from this jovial set withdraw,

Who drink, smoke, sing, or ha, ha, ha,

Who drink, &c.

We swear by Comus he's not fit,

Whoe'er he be, with us to fit,

Whoe'er he be, &c.

That, since ourself has made it law,

Won't drink, smoke, sing, or ha, ha, ha,

Won't drink, &c.

Now

Now that our royal pleasure's known,
And why we've met ourself has shewn,

And why, &c.

T' enjoy our mirth without a flaw,
Let's drink, smoke, sing, or ha, ha, ha,

Let's drink, &c.

*Note, In companies where smoking is precluded,
the last line of each stanza may be altered to*

— Drink, or sing, or ha, ha, ha.

DRINKING-SONG.

NOW we're all met, let's merry be,

Enjoying pleasure while we may,

As Bacchanalians let's agree

To laugh and quaff while here we stay.

C H O R U S.

For such a jovial set as we

Ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er can be.

Let antiquarians, till they're hoarse,

O'er empty antique mugs dispute,

Or connoisseurs on taste discourse,

Our taste full modern bowls best suit.

Chorus. For such, &c.

Let tars and soldiers burn and sink,

Delighting in death-dealing strife,

From

From Bacchus we will never shrink,
Since serving him gives joy and life.

Chorus. For such, &c.

O'er ditch and hedge let sportsmen fly,
While shouting they their game pursue,
With broken necks we ne'er shall lie,
For while we sit our game's in view.

Chorus. For such, &c.

Their precedents let lawyers quote,
To drink we've likewise not a few,
Let dancers skip and trip about,
Brisk wine will make us do so too.

Chorus. For such, &c.

Let methodists, amid life's fours,
To heav'n tramp, o'er thorns and briars,
Gay Bacchus strews our path with flow'rs,
And wine's the heav'n of our desires.

Chorus. For such, &c.

Let guttling cits, at public feasts,
Cram, sweat, and blow, till they cascade,
What shame to make themselves such beasts!
But great as gods by wine we're made!

Chorus. For such, &c.

So now take note, if I perceive
One who'll not drink, smoke, laugh, or sing,

I'll

[PRO]

I'll help, with Mr. Chairman's leave,
Out of the Window him to fling.

CHORUS.

For such a jovial set as we
Ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er can be.

*If the society be in an upper room, the last line
of the song may be*

The varlet down the stairs to fling.

~~~~~  
P A R O D Y.\*

Tune, *Death and the Lady.*

YE love-ers all, I pray to me draw near,  
And then a *molloncholly* tale you'll hear;  
Oh *fitch* a tale as ne'er was known before!  
And *such* a *wun* you'll never bear no more!

But now my tale I *shal* begin to *show*,  
'Tis of a *vargin* bright as *dripping* snow,  
Whose heart young Cupid did with love enthrall,  
*All* for a youth so comely, strait, and tall.

And though he loved her with more *consarn*  
Than his own flesh and blood, you now will *larn*.  
He *ax'd* and *ax'd* agin, if they might wed,  
But you *shan't* not, their cruel *parunts* sed.

Thus

---

\* Vide the note in page 94.



Thus being crossed in his love so true,  
 For all the world *jest* like a ghost he grew,  
 At last a knife *jobb'd* in near his breast-bone,  
 Then down he *falls* and *makes* his dying groans.

This place his love *jest* *enter* going by,  
 All in *gore blood* his corpse she there did spy;  
 But when she *see'd* the knife deep in him *jobb'd*,  
 She *takes* it out and herself likewise *jobb'd*.

Now *sence* these two true *love-yers* hearts *gonbroke*  
 'Cause both their *parunts* call'd true love a joke,  
 Oh *parunts* all now *larn*, by *this* *here* tale,  
 That true love did, and always will, *pronwail*.



## P R O P A G A T I O N.

*Tune, Religion's a politic law.*

**S I N C E** something from me is requir'd,

Without much delay, I'll endeavour  
 My best to perform, for my best

At this circle's service is ever:  
 Therefore, if you've patience to hear me,

I'll seize on the present occasion,  
 And sing (if for singing 'twill pass).

A few lines upon propagation.

**Ere**

Ere man's clay was bak'd, this injunction  
 Was given to birds, beasts, and fishes,  
 (When seen all was good,) propagate  
 And fruitful be after your species :  
 Then Adam was made, and he nam'd them,  
 But fulk'd, through his lone situation,  
 Till Eve was made for him, and then  
 They soon set about propagation.

And propagate bravely they did,  
 But soon, as in scripture is stated,  
 With vice the whole earth was o'er-run,  
 On Eve by old Nick propagated :  
 Through which cause, if Noah, so fly,  
 (For household's and self's preservation,)  
 Hadn't boat-builder turn'd, then had been  
 A finis to all propagation.

Religion was then propagated,  
 Till priests, finding bus'ness declining,  
 Trump'd fiction poetical up,  
 Nicknam'd, to fleece fools, a divine thing ;  
 Which fun to keep up, to this day,  
 The jugglers of Christian persuasion,  
 With phyzzes so pious, fleece us,  
 And say, "'tis for truth's propagation."

Fanatics blind zeal propagate,  
 But name it, — pure light from the gospel,

And

And say, — ye who doubt it, the devil  
 Will have of your souls a nice morsel.  
 The law propagates, and names justice, —  
 Quirk, quibble, and equivocation,  
 And M<sup>nsf</sup>\*\*\*d himself would seem dulk,  
 If 'twas not for quirk's propagation.

Jews propagate tricking in trade,  
 But flily say, — they're fools that trust 'em;  
 The fops propagate, and name taste,  
 Each Frenchified folly and custom.  
 The quack, with his nostrums (which he  
 His specifics names) hums the nation,  
 With — these and these only insure  
 Good health and long life's propagation.

The fair-sex oft' propagate scandal,  
 Whilst they are at tea situated,  
 And name it meer chit-chat, — but soft,  
 By us it should not be related;  
 Since we, from our joyous carousals,  
 Through wine's potent exhilaration,  
 Are often for keeping it up,  
 With — this we name fun's propagation.

But we, who've here met, let us now  
 (Avoiding all four reservation,)  
 In songs, toasts, and sentiments, join,  
 To smother dull care and vexation :

H

And



And thus we ourselves, well as others,  
 Shall ever have ample occasion  
 To say, — 'twas an hour or two spent  
 In genuine mirth's propagation.

Note, *By omitting the first and last stanzas of the foregoing song, and inserting instead the two following as first and last, it is rendered applicable to a christening, for a festival of which kind it was originally written.*

*First stanza.*

YE goffers, and gommers, and gossips,  
 My ditty I beg you'll attend to,  
 Not meaning, in any degree,  
 With indecent words to offend you,  
 Which else you might think, when I say,  
 I seize on the present occasion  
 To sing (if for singing 'twill pass)  
 A few lines upon propagation.

*Last stanza.*

[*Taking up a glass.*]  
 So here's wishing health to all those  
 Who like [*introducing the reputed father's name*]  
 are steady,  
 In wedlock to propagate, though  
 They've nine or ten young ones already;  
 Likewise that no female whate'er  
 May miss the heart-warming occasion  
 In conjugal bliss to obey  
 Dame Nature's first law, propagation; PA-

## PARISH-CLERK'S SONG,

*For a Church-Warden's or Parish Feast.**Tune, Chevy-Chace.*

COME let us all, with one accord,  
 Eat, drink, smoke, laugh, and sing;  
 Yea, let us make our hearts right glad,  
 For 'tis a pleasant thing.

CHORUS. For 'tis a pleasant thing.

In time of old, when punch was not,  
 Tobacco, nor strong-beer,  
 How could men pass their Time away?  
 How could they find good cheer?

*Cho.* How could, &c.

Yea, how could they in heart be glad  
 And eke with tongue rejoice?  
 Yea, how could they well tune their minds  
 To make a joyful noise?

*Cho.* To make, &c.

For till tobacco, punch, and beer,  
 As well as wine, they had,  
 Full surely they, whene'er they met,  
 Did sit all sober sad.

*Cho.* Did sit, &c.

But now that we those things possess,  
Be light and glad each heart,  
And henceforth deem him an outcast  
Who first inclines to start.

*Cho.* Who first, &c.

Yea, whosoe'er he be that is  
In haste to go away,  
E'en as a gentile him we'll treat,  
For ever and for aye.

*Cho.* For ever, &c.

Therefore take heed, all ye who've heard  
The words which are just past :  
And now it resteth *for* to say,  
Thus endeth stave the last.

*Chorus.* Thus endeth stave the last.



## YOUNG PLUCK'S LAMENTATION.

*Tune, Of all the Girls that are so smart.  
Or vide the Tune in the Appendix.*

Y E butcher-boys, like *bull-dogs* fierce,  
'Cause I'm in love-ye blame me,  
Yet my love's eyes like *skew'rs* would pierce  
Your hearts, and then you'd *tame* be.

Her



Her *rump* is soft, her *bide* is sleek,  
 And like a *lamb* she'll frisk it,  
 Her *hoofs* are small, and red's each cheek  
 Of lovely Marg'ry Brisket.

There's not a *kid* in *Butcher-Row*,  
*Whitechapel*, or the *Borough*,†  
 But would at Madge a *sheep's-eye* throw,  
 As I have, to my sorrow;  
 And would she smack but one at me,  
*Od blow* me, how I'd fift it  
 With all who dare my rivals be  
 In loving Marg'ry Brisket.

My *flesh* was once like *bull-beef* tough,  
 My *chops* like *rump-steaks* red were,  
 With legs and fists could kick and cuff,  
 But heart and strength now fled are,  
 A *bull-bait* or *dog-fight*, if e'er  
 I knew of, I ne'er mis'd it,  
 But now for *bulls* or *dogs* don't care,  
 Through loving Marg'ry Brisket.

Would she consent my *rib* to be,  
 With *gristle* how I'd *stuff* her!  
 Yet she, instead of loving me,  
 Delights to see me suffer;  
 And, though my *chops* are white as *veal*,  
 The blood in them would whisk it,

---

† Three places remarkable for butchers' shops.

But oh! as hard as my *best steel*  
Is th' heart of Marg'ry Bricket.

There's *bull-mouth'd Dick*, Peg th' *eggal-cleaner*,  
Ned *Paunch*, and Jenny *Spinnage*,  
On Sundays pad to St. Helena;†  
On holidays to Greenwich;  
Their happiness thus, out of town,  
T'enjoy good beer and biscuit,  
I'd grudge them not; might I *knock down*  
And *stick* plump Marg'ry Bricket.

Sweet as *fresh meat* would pass each day,  
Could I in marriage *hook* her,  
And in my *stall* then hear her say,  
*What a' buy? what a' buy? what a' look for? ‡*  
But I by love shall be, I fear,  
(Since she to wed won't risk it,)  
Drove to death's *slaughter-house*, and there  
*Knock'd down* by Marg'ry Bricket.

† Tea-gardens at Rotherhithe.

‡ These contractions are intended to bring the phrases near  
the butchers' usual mode of addressing passengers.

# THE HIBERNIAN BRAVO, Tune, *Greneville*.

MY name is O'Bluster, the loyal and true,  
I'm not to be daunted by friend or by foe,  
For, put in this fist a shilalee so stout,  
While I've but the best on't I'll never give out.  
Hubbubboo, &c.

Should old Ireland's rights e'er be going to pot,  
Through any sly carneying Bug, Taff, or Scot,  
Hurroo! by St. Patrick, I'd — hoo! illillloo!  
Hubbub! blood and ouns! — I can't tell what I'd  
do! Hubbubboo, &c.

By Peg Mooney's brogues and the soul of Moll Kelly,  
I'd make the scrubs dance to the tune of shilalee,  
Munyowlaugh! I'd, I'd, Id, — augh, could I but  
spake  
What then I would do, — blood! 'twould make  
your hearts quake! Hubbubboo, &c.

Who dare touch the girls, too, in manner uncivil,  
Or any thing 'bout them, I'd send to the devil;  
For while he can stand 'tis O'Bluster's delight  
To be in their — service, by day or by night.  
Hubbubboo, &c.

But give me the lad who from fighting won't flinch,  
Nor in woman's — cause will e'er draw back an inch;  
My wish is, while right, that he ne'er may be wrong.  
So there's a conclusion to th' end of my song.

Hubbubboo, &c.



## A REFUSAL TO SING.

ON me do you call?—Plague upon't, how provoking!

Why gentlefolks surely you only are joking:

For singing I dare not attempt; nay, what's more,

I will not, that's p<sup>o</sup>z, so intreaty give o'er.

Down down down derry down.

“But hold, my dear friend, do not be quite so hot;

“You'll give us some reason, sure, why you will not.”

I will, my good firs, if you'll to it attend,

Since none should advance what he cannot defend.

Down down down derry down.

That no one from failings is free, you must own,

And few to be told so are pleas'd, 'tis well known;

Hence nought can I sing of, tho' no harm's intended,

But probably some will thereat be offended.

Down down down derry down.

If statesmen I sing of, their bull-dogs will bait me;

If patriots my theme be, our Cato's will rate me;

If lawyers I sing of, must keep from their gripe;

But doctor's with phyfic would stop my windpipe.

Down down down derry down.

If priestcraft's my subject, no priest will endure it,

From most rev'rend father † to plain rev'rend curate;

If

---

† i. e. Most reverend Father in God. — An archbishop.

If methodist teachers I sing of, they'll say, —  
 Oh wicked lost wretch, he'll go down the broad  
 way! Down down down derry down.

If music or painting's the theme that I choose,  
 The critics and virtû will me much abuse ;  
 If ladies I sing of, I surely shall be  
 Their topic for scandal, while sipping their tea.  
 Down down down derry down.

If gamesters my theme be, E O † I must shun ;  
 If bailiffs I sing of, I'm surely undone .  
 When once in their clutches ; in short, I can't name  
 A subject, but some against me will exclaim.  
 Down down down derry down.

And therefore, good friends, with all needful respect,  
 These reasons I beg you will kindly accept ;  
 And thus all pretension to please giving o'er,  
 I hope you'll now pass me and ask me no more.  
 Down down down derry down.

But, with your good leave, I another will mention,  
 To whom we with pleasure will give due attention,  
 Therefore, to name one who I know ne'er refuses,  
 I call on friend [*mentioning the name, and addressing the  
 president, if there be one*] for whatever he chooses.  
 Down down down derry down.

TOL

---

† The E O table, a very modish species of gambling at the  
 time this song was written. — It may, however, be rendered,

— — — the dice I must shun.

# TOL DE ROL LOL,

ASK me for a song! gad, you'll soon wish you  
hadn't,

My taste well as voice having nought but what's  
bad in't,

But, since upon me 'twas your pleasure to call,  
Here goes, though my theme's only tol de rol lol.  
Tol de rol, &c.

To join a fit burden t' a song requires art,  
For oft' of a song 'tis by much the best part;  
Tal la, derry down, and the like, some extol,  
But I, for my part, prefer tol de rol lol.

Tol de rol, &c.

And while I've a tongue tol de rol I will use,  
E'en just as I please and as oft' as I choose;  
For since I let any one grunt, croak, or squall,  
I've surely some right to use tol de rol lol.

Tol de rol, &c.

And though, as a burden, it may not inherit,  
In any respect, the least shadow of merit,  
Yer freely I say, a fig's end for you all,  
Since none can draw harm out of tol de rol lol.

Tol de rol, &c.



If any think fit, though, against it to chatter,  
I thus can reply, making light of the matter,  
I've nail'd you, by George, tho' against it ye bawl,  
Since most of you chorus'd my rol de rol lol.

Tol de roi, &c.

But still perhaps some will my subject deary,  
And say 'tis rank nonsense, to which I reply,  
It only by way of a prelude was meant  
T' a song from friend Jack

[mentioning the name of the person intended]

~~hold up hands~~ hold up hands; if content.

Tol de tol, ཅེ.



GUESS THE REST.

Tune, *Country Lasses.*

**L-E-T** others with indecent songs  
 To please some folks make trial,  
 This company, I'm pretty sure,  
 To such would give denial ;  
 Therefore, to shun what some may think  
 Not fit to be express'd,  
 I'll stop, e'er I each stanza end,  
 And let you guess the rest.

As Hodge one day a maying went

With Dolly of the Green,

'Mongst other things, he said to her,

When you *was* May-day queen,

Odzooks, you so delighted me

That fain I would request

Free leave with you to toy and kifs, —

And — you can guess the rest,

Lord, Hodge, said Doll, I *knows as how*

You men are false and fickle,

And *makes* your brags that, with love-tales,

Our easy hearts you tickle. —

Give me your hand, said Hodge, and now,

To prove I's not in jest,

If you'll consent, I'll buy the ring, —

And you can guess the rest,

You *knows* full well that *seyther* left

Me sheep and cows a many,

With ploughs and teams; and money, too,

Against a day that's rainy.

On this, said Doll, my dame's consent

To gain do but your best,

I'll then, — but I need say no more,

For you can guess the rest.

Then both away to dame did trudge,

And thus young Hodge besought her, —

It's come to ask for your consent  
To let me have your daughter. —

But dame, in tartish mood, reply'd,  
To say no more you'd best;  
And now, my mind being partly known,  
You both may guess the rest.

Come, come, said Hodge, you must consent,  
Because we *loves* each other. —

Ay! ay! said dame; but what says Doll?

Oh that we do, dear mother.

Dame then reply'd, since things are so,

To part you 'twere a jest,  
So now we'll fix the wedding-day, —  
And you may guess the rest.

The wedding was soon after kept,

With feasting, mirth, and dancing,

And dame herself, though old and lame,

Among them would be prancing.

At length, the mirth and feasting o'er,

The couple being undress'd,

They bedded were, the stocking thrown, —

But prithee guess the rest.

Note, *The first verse of the preceding song being only proper to be sung in companies where a certain degree of reserve is attended to, it may be omitted when such attention is not necessary.*



## AN APOLOGY FOR NOT SINGING.

Tune, *One Evening, having lost my Way.*

WHEN call'd upon, I ne'er refuse

My curious finging to display,

Because, good friends, I never choose

To trifle time away.

For surely 'tis nonsense to try to veer off,

With — pass me, I pray, — I can't sing, — I've a cough,

For all, whene'er there's need,

Should do their best with speed.

The tedious trifling fufs I hate

Of — come, fir, — do oblige us, pray;

For thus to make a comp'ny wait

Is wrong, you'll surely say.

The compliment seeming as much to incline

To him whom you call on, which case being mine,

If I the pow'r possess'd,

I'd honour your request.

And by this time seem clear it must

That singing is not in my way,

As some excuse, I therefore trust

You'll take what I've to say.

If y' ask me again, 'tis your own faults, I trow,

For, while we're thus festively seated, you know,

To crown the social hours

We should exert our pow'rs.

Howe'er,

Howe'er, my friends, take in good part  
What I'm afraid has tir'd you all;

Yet, as I've shown my utmost art,  
'Tis my turn now to call:

And surely I may, as I've just done my best,  
Therefore I'll name one who can well stand the test,  
And that, friend [mentioning the name] is you,  
Ay, faith, good fir, 'tis true.

*The tune to the following stanzas is the same as  
to the song in page 122.*

But stay, my good firs, I have not done so soon,  
I've only skipp'd o'er to a different tune,  
And in the next stanza I'll shew unto all  
Why 'twas that I fix'd upon tol de rol lo!

Tol de rol, &c.

The reason is this, having finish'd my song,  
Which, tho' but a short one, perhaps was too long,  
If ev'ry one present approves of my call,  
Express it by joining in tol de rol lol.

Tol de rol, &c.

---

**TIPPLE**

## TIPPLE AWAY.

Tune, *Stick a Pin there.*

I'M quite at a loss for a song, I aver : —  
Though stay, — to my memory one does recur,  
Which proves that but few, whether serious or gay,  
Object to the doctrine of tiddle away.

Tiddle away, tiddle away,

Object to the doctrine of tiddle away.

For Graham himself, with his boastings magnific  
'Bout easing life's cares,† has not such a specific ;  
Since pleasure itself, be it ever so gay,  
Is still to be heighten'd by tiddling away.

Tiddling away, &c.

Some sing of the heart'ning effects of good prog,  
But our naval force would be small without grog ;  
For ask the Jack tar, (his quid shifting,) he'll say, —  
To fight I've no spunk till I've tiddled away.

Tiddled away, &c.

Our cits, on feast-days, in their halls closely jamm'd,  
With venison, turtle, *et cetera*, cramm'd,

Own

---

† Vide his advertisements. — Note, when this prince of empiricism is out of date, it may be rendered thus :

*For no one, with faculties e'er so prolific,*

*Life's ills e'er overcome, e'er found such a specific.*



Own eating's but pleasure imperfect, so stay  
 To perfect that pleasure with tippling away.  
 Tippling away, &c.

Debating-club Cicero's, grave or vivacious,  
 'Till tippling has warm'd them, are seldom loqua-  
 cious;  
 And coffee-house Quidnunc's likewise rarely say  
 Who's right or who's wrong, 'till they've tippled  
 away. Tipped away, &c.

Some time past, I knew of a hen-peck'd poor ninny,  
 Who, fretting thereat, became mopish and skinny,  
 But quickly again he grew jolly and gay,  
 Through taking the counsel to tipple away.  
 Tipple away, &c.

And ladies (sweet creatures!) whose love's our  
 delight,  
 (Tho' tippling, in public, they all seem to slight,)  
 Strong liquors, both native and foreign, e'en they,  
 With pleasure, in private, will tipple away.  
 Tipple away, &c.

Friend Caleb will say, — behold, huge is the merit  
 Of tippling, for then we are fill'd with the *spirit*.  
 And methodist teachers, if candid, will say, —  
 We ne'er feel a call till we've tippled away.  
 Tipped away, &c.

The rosy-gill'd vicar says, freely, until  
I've tippled october, to preach I've no will :  
Thereby clearly proving, which none can gainsay,  
That sound orthodoxy is tipping away.

Tipping away, &c.

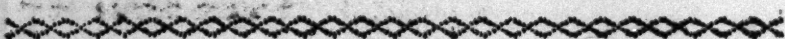
And now, my good friends, as St. Paul says, you  
shou'd

Try all things, and stick close to that which is good :  
Th' experiment made, take my word for't, you'll  
say,

Let's stick close to nothing like tipping away.

Tipping away, tipping away,

Let's stick close to nothing like tipping away.



## THE FOILED MUSICIANS.

Tune, *Ge ho Dobbin.*

ALL ye who delight in an uncommon farce,  
Attend, while I sing how a certain young lass,  
Miss Peggy, the pretty, the witty, and wild,  
A band of musicians soon thoroughly foil'd

With her tweedledum diddledum

Tweedledum diddledum

Tweedledum diddledum

Diddledum dee.

Viole

Violino led off with a well-rosin'd bow,  
 But Peggy declaring his *movement* too slow,  
 His *time* he increas'd, till, by playing so quick,  
 The *tension* relax'd of his poor *fiddlestick*

In her tweedledum, &c.

The hautboys conceiving that they were quite sure  
 Of playing their parts, boldly strutted up to her,  
 Yet neither of them had a hautboy but which  
 Prov'd quickly much under the *natural* pitch

Of her tweedledum, &c.

The clarinets then try'd their pow'r and their art,  
 But soon, like the hautboys, with shame did depart,  
 For although their tones are so potent, this last  
 Their tone did destroy and their pow'r did surpass

With her tweedledum, &c.

With iv'ry-like *flauto*, long, taper, and neat,  
 Traversa † put to, and play'd wondrously sweet;  
 But he, with his *quav'ring* and *delicate touching*,  
 So teiz'd her, that she'll ne'er let any more such in

Her tweedledum, &c.

The French-horns to gain Peggy's plaudits try'd  
 next,

But she, thro' their bungling performance much  
 vex'd,

I 2

Declar'd

---

† German Flute.



Declar'd, that all wives ought to *cornute* those men  
 Who make such long *rests*, or pop in now and then†  
 To a tweedledum, &c.

The trumpet march'd up, and to battle then sounded ;  
 His *tube* she soon seiz'd, at which he, quite con-  
     founded,  
 Fell flat on his face, but, regaining his feet,  
 With instrument maim'd, he was glad to retreat  
     From her tweedledum, &c.

Tympano ‡ then flourish'd, with courage much  
     heated,  
 And enter'd the breach, tho' he quickly retreated  
 Without pow'r to rally, and oh ! what a face  
 He made when his instrument Peg did *unbrace*  
     With her tweedledum, &c.

Viola then boasted that he would soon ease her,  
 Quite certain the *tenor* of his deeds would please her ;  
 But, in her desires still unsatisfy'd left,  
 She threw poor Viola out of the *C cleft*\*  
     Of her tweedledum, &c.

Bassoon, with an instrument bulky and pond'rous,  
 Slap bang then had at her, in manner quite  
     wond'rous,

But

---

† The French-horns in a concert, literally speaking, make long rests, and in brisk movements, particularly of modern music, frequently touch single notes, at short intervals.

‡ Kettle-drums.      \* The viola plays chiefly from the *C cleft*.

But she, such rough playing unwilling to brook,  
 Soon bent his *fagotta* § just like the brass crook  
 In her tweedledum, &c.

The next who attack'd her was Violoncello,  
 With instrument well strung and tone deep and  
 mellow,  
 Yet Peg said, she never before knew such ling'ring  
 To tune, and, when tun'd, so much *shifting* and  
*ling'ring* Her tweedledum, &c.

The deep double-basso the next was that try'd,  
 For *depth*, though, her instrument his far outvy'd,  
 And soon from his stand she poor Basso did wriggle,  
 For he with so *short a bow*\* could only niggle  
 Her tweedledum, &c.

His *principal stop* then Organo so stout  
 Drew forth, but, his *wind* failing, soon he gave out;  
 And Harpichordero, so smart, lack a day!  
 Was'nt able a *basso continuo* to play  
 To her tweedledum, &c.

Nay, e'en the composer, with *thick* and *long roll*,  
 Coud'nt beat to her *movements* true time, for his foul;  
 The sol-faing gentry's *pitch-pipes*, too, were soon  
 Disjointed by Peggy for not being in tune  
 With her tweedledum, &c.

---

§ The musical term for a bassoon.

\* The bow for a violon, or double-bass, is particularly short.

Learn hence, O all ye who're with music ne'er  
cloy'd;

That *duets* with females 'tis best to avoid

Till well-tun'd your pipes and your strings are,  
else they

Will scorn your *performance*, and never more *play*

To your tweedledum deedledum

Tweedledum deedledum

Tweedledum deedledum

Diddledum dee.

---

## M A T R I M O N Y.

Tune, *Ge ho Dobbin.*

WHO me sing a song? I in truth must refuse you,  
Much doubting that my poor attempts would  
amuse you. —

Though, since 'tis your wish, what avails more  
evasion?

Here throws off without farther fusts or persuasion.

Hey down derry

Ho down derry

Hey down ho down

Hi derry down.

I mean not to sing about phyfic or law,

Court hums, city factions, smooth peace, or rough

war, nor Jew,



Jews, Pagans, or — stop though — for some seem to  
say,

Whatever you mean, quickly out with it, pray.

Hey down derry, &c.

I mean then to sing about that which some folks,  
Through envy or fun, make a butt for their jokes,  
In short, I intend, if none here say 'tis wrong,  
To make matrimony the theme of my song.

Hey down derry, &c.

A hook 'tis that's too often baited with pelf;  
A custom, antique as antiquity's self;  
A road that's oft' dusty, now smooth and now  
rough;  
A yoke, which, once yok'd with, you're yok'd fast  
enough.

Hey down derry, &c.

A knot 'tis, slipt only by death or divorce;  
A change, which to change to's for better for  
worse;

A race — but suppose I take wind, for i'faith  
I've sung 'till I've sung myself just out of breath.

Hey down derry, &c.

A race 'tis, where love should *spur* on, between two,  
And mutual regard as the *prize* they should view;  
And if in the *course* all obstructions you'd shun,  
Make prudence the *bridle*, with ease 'twill be done.

Hey down derry, &c.

And now, that affection and conjugal merriment  
May be their good lot who dare make the experi-  
ment,

I trust, is the wish of all here, as it mine is,  
And thus to my song I've at length made a finis.

Hey down derry  
Ho down derry  
Hey down ho down  
Hi derry down.

*Note. If the above song be sung at a wedding,  
the second verse of the last stanza may be thus  
rendered, as being more immediately apposite to  
the occasion. viz.*

May be their good lot who've just made the experi-  
ment.



## POOR PUFF.

Tune, *A Cocker there was.*

A Lively young barber, an amorous spark,  
Miss Stitchwell, by moonlight, once met in the park,  
Between whom a tête-à-tête soon did begin,  
Young Puff much desiring to stick his pole in  
Her down down down derry down.

Her

Her eyes he first swore like *sharp razors* had shorn  
 His heart of its ease, which had made him forlorn,  
 But thus she made answer, oh fie, Johnny, fie,  
 Your *pole*, I protest, you shall ne'er stick in my  
 Down down, &c.

He then swore like *soap in hot water* he dwindled,  
 For love had within his poor breast a flame kindled,  
 He ne'er could be happy unless he could win her  
 To let him *beat up nature's lather* within her  
 Down down, &c.

With smiling, and smirking, and wantonly leering,  
 Said she, you young men are quite full of your  
 jeering,  
 With tongues smooth as *bones*, too, you'll flatter  
 and lie,  
 Thro' talking, tho', none shall *beat suds up* in my  
 Down down, &c.

Soon taking the hint, to a bench he strait led her,  
 Where he with her *linen* then partly o'erspred her,  
 And soon Mr. Puff, to end well this odd matter,  
 Pull'd out his *machine*, and in haste let fly at her  
 Down down, &c.

Sh' endur'd it with ease, tho' it made him the *puffer*,  
 And say, he ne'er *lather'd a beard* that was tougher;  
 Yet,



Yet, as it had turn'd his *tool's* edge, she once more  
Desir'd he would *set* it, and then *lather* o'er  
Her down down, &c.

T'effect which his *soap-balls* she squeez'd, but in  
vain,

He could not make *suds* in her *bason* again,  
Which made her exclaim, to poor Puff's great  
dishonour, —

A *block-head* of wood might as well lie upon her  
Down down, &c.

Says she, such a *trimmer* as you I ne'er felt,  
Your *roll of pomatum* so quickly does melt,  
Your *cistern* soon drain'd, too, and *cock* therefore  
useless, —

A *weaving-frame* I might as well have that's juice-  
less In my down down, &c.

~~~~~

C A P R I C I O.

To be delivered ad libitum.

SOME time ago, when cap'ring *Vestris* * blaz'd,
Old Ploughshare, with th'accounts of him amaz'd,
The truth of which desiring much to know,
To Ralph, his son, said thus, — boy, prithee go
And

* A most surprising dancer, who came from Paris, in 1780,
to perform for a stipulated time at the Opera House, where his
performance brought amazingly crowded audiences.

And see if what our neighbour Hodge has said
Be true or not about this frisking blade.

Ralph therefore went, soon as he could, to town,
And when he'd back return'd, ere he had well sat
down,
'Bout what he call'd the show, old Ploughshare
question'd thus the clown.

A I R.

Tune, *The Parson in the Peas.*

Well! Ralph, hast been wonderstruck,
Wonderstruck,
Wonderstruck,
Just as if thunderstruck?
And didst, at this raree-show,
Fairly so
Stare as though
Thou wert all eyes?
Through this measter jump about,
Jump about,
Jump about,
Stump about, plump about;
And who, with his skipping,
And tripping,
And leaping,
Did thee much surprize.
Said Ralph, lord! such hurrying,
Scurrying,
Flurrying,

And

And such a din !
 With such pleaguy jumbling,
 And stumbling,
 And tumbling,

As never was seen !
 At length, after much squeezing
 My poor elbows and knees in,
 In spite of the rustling,
 And tussling,
 And bustling,
 I got my nose in.

And now, all close jammed in,
 Jammed in,
 Jammed in,
 Just as if rammed in.
 Some with gizzards rumbling,
 Were mumbling,
 And grumbling,
 'Cause they so warm were ;
 But yet all expecting,
 Expecting,
 Expecting,
 Their eyes directing,
 To see this fine skipper,
 And tripper,
 And leaper,
 Come in in rich geer.
 At last he came whisking

And

And frisking
 So brisk, in
 Fine feathers and shoes !
 And what then appear'd as fun,
 Ere he'd done,
 Rear'd on one
 Leg, like a goose.*
 Which caus'd such a loud clapping,
 My brains it set a flapping.
 Thus you 'bout this raree-show
 Fairly know ;
 Where to go
 None does refuse. §

* He was much famed for the balance.

§ Literally speaking, this was nearly the case : it is however a fact, that he had a benefit of fifteen or sixteen hundred pounds, there being no seats under half a guinea ; and the fulness of the house on that night caused such disturbance that the performance did not begin till between nine and ten o'clock.

ANACREONTIC

ANACREONTIC PHILOSOPHY.*

Tune, *Hunting the Hare*.

ALL ye to Anacreonism devoted,
 Who freely and jovially laugh, quaff, and sing;
 All ye who as foes to pale dullness are noted,
 Attend, while some proofs I endeavour to bring
 That Zeno, Pythag'ras,
 Eudoxus, Protag'ras,
 Hipparchus, Diag'ras,
 In short, all who are,
 For clearness or myst'ry,
 Recorded in hist'ry,
 With jolly Anacreon could not compare

Sophistical sceptics, and cynics dogmatic,
 High flying platonical metaphysicians,
 Rhetorical ranters, declaimers Socratic,
 And peripatetical frothy logicians,
 Mysteriously gabbling,
 With scribblingly squabbling,
 And quibblingly babbling,
 Their thoughts vainly twisted
 The true *summum bonum*
 To find, 'till 'twas shewn 'em
 By jolly Anacreon wherein it consisted.

He

* Written on, and dedicated to, the Anacreontic Society,
 a community founded on the basis of sociality and harmony;
 the members of which meet on the par of mutual accommo-
 dation and goodwill, and among whom, order and convivi-
 ality reciprocally reign in a super-eminent degree.

He shew'd that 'twas only on festive occasions,
 (Like those of the rosy-complexion'd celestials,
 As gayly they're quaffing nectareous potations,)
 Although we are only poor humble terrestrials,
 When chearfully seated,
 With amity heated,
 And harmony treated,
 Ourselves we employ,
 Round vessels magnific,
 Of liquor dulcific,
 Then, then, we the true *sumum bonum* enjoy.

To those who sought after a state apathetic,
 Good wine he prov'd eas'd them as soon of vain
 cares ;
 To those who'd fain mount Plato's fancies phrenetic,
 He prov'd that 'twould send their brains past his
 five spheres,
 And t'all, in subjection
 To grave circumspection,
 Of aqueous complexion,
 He made it appear,
 That, spite of their grumbling,
 And phlegmatic mumbling,
 Wine great as immortals makes us in idea.
 By Aristotelian rules, curiously technic,
 'Bout essence or substance, a vacuum or plenum,
 Let

Let philomaths battle, with arms dialectic,
 So fiercely that few like to venture between 'em,
 T' each other e'en mystic,
 In form syllogistic,
 Or, mode rhapsodistic,
 Most learnedly fine!

They'll ne'er gain the station
 Which, in flight pegasián,
 Anacreon reach'd when inspir'd with good wine.

'Mong moderns, let Priestly and others keep
 squabbling

'Bout matter and spirit, they're all in the dark,
 But we, while we quaff, are convinc'd, without
 dabbling

In jargon abstruse, that we're nearer the mark :

For while, with sage mutt'ring,

With sarcastic sputt'ring,

And bombastic splutt'ring,

They each other batter,

Wine makes us all spirit,

So vast is it's merit,

But those who decline it are lumps of dull matter.

Though, not to detain you from off'ring oblations

T'Anacreon's shrine, for in truth I grow thirsty,

I say, that the sect, which all ages and stations

Have follow'd most close, must of all sects the
 first be,

Anacreon

From which we may surely
 Infer, most securely,
 That, strictly and purely,
 Anacreon alone,
 For doctrine worth note is,
 Hence we, his fix'd vot'ries,
 Are th' happiest and truest philosophers known.

ANACREON'S RECEPTION IN HEAVEN.

Tune, I can't, for my Life, guess the Cause of this Fusi.
 THE instant Jove knew of Anacreon's demise,
 His eagle he straitway dispatch'd to the earth,
 To bear the old jolly Greek's shade to the skies,
 Where soon he arriv'd with this son of true mirth;
 Then, without delay,
 Old Jove sent away
 Brisk Hermes for deities absent, to post
 T' Olympus' high hill,
 Their goblets to fill,
 In striving who should his guest honour the most,
 To honour him all did most gladly submit,
 Which honour, on his part he fully return'd
 By extatic flights of good-humour and wit,
 Evincing the flame which in him purely burn'd.
 In brief, his rich glee,
 So jovial and free,
 Each god and each goddess warm'd up to such height,
 K That

That plaudits around
 Olympus did found,
 In rapturous bursts of heart-firing delight.

Mars swore, after fighting no more he would run ;
 Said Venus, this Greek inspires love to a wonder ;
 Apollo own'd, frankly, his lyre was outdone ;
 And Momus declar'd he should henceforth
 knock under ;

Diana own'd she
 In woods felt no glee,
 Compar'd to the joy which the bard diffus'd round
 him ;

And Bacchus, while quaffing
 And heartily laughing,
 Reel'd up to the Grecian, and with his vine
 crown'd him.

E'en hell's dusky-bearded king seem'd to be cheerful,
 Nay, earnestly ask'd if below he might take him ;
 Old Neptune said, after such mirth, he was fearful
 The sight of the ocean quite sea-sick would make
 him.

In short, all declar'd
 They ne'er before shar'd
 Such zest at their feasting, on earth or in heav'n,
 And Jove, with eyes winking,
 Through laughing and drinking,
 Approv'd, with a nod, the applause which was giv'n.

His

His throne he then quitted, with half-open'd eyes,
And, calling to order with voice of a Stentor,
Said he, mark my words, and retain them like-
wife,

Or else my zig-zag irons' heat you'll all venture:

Since this jolly boy

Has given such joy,

I mean to requite him, 'tis fact what I say,

So whatever he

Does now ask of me

I'll grant it, let it be whatever it may.

Anacreon then rose, and said, since, O great Jove;

Thou'lt honour'd me thus, I a favour will claim,

Which is, that in proper time thou wilt approve

Of forming a set who'll from me take their name,

That each social night

Shall firmly unite

☉ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine* :"

And as each good fellow

Drops off, when quite mellow,

With me he may here in a like circle join.

The grant sign'd and seal'd, jolly Bacchus arose,

With Momus, and Phœbus, and Venus, likewise,

Who said, o'er the set they'd their influence dispose,

As well while below as when rais'd to the skies.

K 2

On

* The burden of the excellent Anacreontic song which commences; festivity in the Anacreontic Society.

On which, mighty Jove,
 As chairman, did move,
 Success t' Anacreon's sons, with three cheers :
 'Twas done, all unfeated,
 Which Echo repeated,
 'Till lost in the musical sound of the spheres.

Thus favour'd, thus nam'd, nay, thus honour'd,
 on high,

T' Anacreon still let us gratefully bow,
 While mirth and good order continually vie
 Which most shall distinguish us while we're below :

Hence, when his career
 Each member ends here,
 Ascending to join great Anacreon above,
 To ev'ry terrestrial
 He'll seem a celestial,
 Returning from earth to quaff nectar with Jove.

Note, By the omission of the two last stanzas of the preceding song, and the substitution of the two following as first and last, it may be applied as a compliment to most festive societies; the song, as it now stands, having been originally written as an attempt to do honour (in particular) to the Anacreontic Society. Vide the note in page 142.

First

First stanza.

Though we after any set mode are not deem'd
 Anacreon's sons, yet I'll venture to say,
 That often as such we've no doubt been esteem'd,
 When love, wine, or humour, has been in our way.
 This being premis'd,
 You now are appris'd
 What I shall deliver does us as well suit
 As if we alone
 That title did own,
 And which, as our right, none pretends to dispute.

Last stanza.

The grant Jove confirm'd, which all present did
 sign,
 And this jovial set was accordingly form'd,
 Whose social festivity ne'er can decline,
 Whilst 'tis with such deific influence warm'd.
 And now, friends, I'd say,
 If freely I may,
 Still let sociality here gaily reign,
 To prove that the bard
 Bestow'd his regard
 On those who the gift will as sacred maintain.

S O N G.†

Adapted as a complimentary one to most festive societies, by mentioning, in the blank space in the 3d stanza, the appellation or whatever else characterizes the society intended to be complimented.

Tune, *Derry-down*, or vide the Appendix.

MOMUS having offence, through his jokes, to
Jove given,
In dudgeon, the thunderer hurl'd him from heav'n,
And Bacchus and Phœbus, 'cause at it they grumbled,
From heav'n old furly boots them likewise tumbled.

For ages they wander'd forlorn 'bout the earth,
Until some good fellows, true lovers of mirth,
Their story attending to, frankly receiv'd them,
And never repented that they had believ'd them.

Their guests these good fellows so much, too, did
 prize,
 That wishing their friends to enjoy them likewise,
 To gave being,
 These gods tripartite to support them agreeing.

By this time old Jove, missing much his musician,
His vintner, and joker, brimful of contrition,
Resolv'd,

† Originally written as a compliment to the Anacreontic Society.

Resolv'd, as their tofs had caus'd great tribulation,
To send them proposals of conciliation.

But vainly therewith his commissioners teiz'd them,
The treaty of friendship they'd made so well pleas'd
them ;

In short, they said nonsense 'twas more time to
spend on't,

They'd shook off allegiance and were independent,

This answer each deity's ears harshly greeting,
The synod appear'd like a quakers dumb-meeting,
But shortly the spirit caus'd Pallas to speak,
Who rose up, and thus the sad silence did break,

Though, Jove, thou'rt my daddy, I can't help
declaring,

They've serv'd thee most justly for thy overbearing,
So thou canst but hope, since from heav'n thou'st
flung them,

They'll let us an ev'ning or so pass among them.

By Styx, cry'd old Jove, you have good counsel
given,

T'enjoy music, wine, and mirth, who'd not quit
heaven ?

So Hermes our humble request shall strait bear,
That kindly they'll let us their happiness share.

And mark this, each god, ay and goddess also,
 The more to induce them to listen thereto,
 The room where they joyously meet henceforth shall,
 In heav'n, be term'd the Olympian-hall.

And now, my good friends, who around me appear,
 Since deities take up their residence here,
 Still let social union, good-humour, and love,
 Prove we well deserve e'en a visit from Jove.

Or,

Still let sociality, union, and mirth,
 Shew we are the happiest good fellows on earth,



F O O L S A L L.

Tune, *Tantarara masks all.*

SINCE folly still keeps up it's force, far and near,
 A few foolish lines on the subject pray hear;
 A subject extensive, for, search the globe round,
 You'll find not a spot but where fools do abound.

Sing tantararara fools all, fools all,
 Sing tantararara fools all.

Dame Eve was first fool'd by old Nick, and then
 madam

A fool made, you know, of our forefather, Adam;
 Hence, both being fools, no dispute it can need,
 To prove that from fools only fools could proceed.

Sing tantararara, &c,
 The

He who was call'd wise, whom queen Bathsheba,
 bore,
 When he had men, women, and things, study'd
 o'er,
 By concubines fool'd more than well can be utter'd,
 " All's nought but mere vanity," then the fool
 sputter'd. Sing tantararara, &c.

And Socrates, who was declar'd, by Apollo,
 In wisdom to beat all his countrymen hollow,
 When told it, the henpeck'd old sage did reply,—
 I know I'm a fool, there my wisdom does lie.
 Sing tantararara, &c.

The traders, that fools of their customers make,
 Who through their fair words bad commodities
 take,
 When in the gazette with a " whereas" display'd,
 In turn, find that fools of themselves they have
 made. Sing tantararara, &c.

The methodist, with his lank hair and pinch'd jaws,
 Makes fools of the mob which about him he draws,
 Who cry, for our sakes how he wears out himself,
 Till too late they find how they're drain'd of their
 self. Sing tantararara, &c.

The coquettish jilt, with her fine airs and graces,
 Makes fools of her dangles to all the gay places,
 But

But, when wrinkles come, on a shelf the fool's laid,
Rejected by more fools than those whom she made.

Sing tantararara, &c.

This precept's assented to by ev'ry voice, —
Whoe'er is dispos'd to make wisdom his choice,
Must first see his folly, — from which you'll agree,
In all of us folly inherent must be.

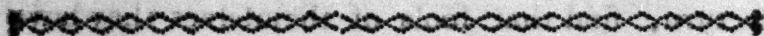
Sing tantararara, &c.

And now, to shew how complaisant I can be,
I thank you for list'ning thus kindly to me,
Though some would fools deem you for list'ning
so long

To hear a fool sing such a dull foolish song.

Sing tantararara fools all, fools all,

Sing tantararara fools all.



THE INFLUENCE OF FOLLY.

Tune, *Warwickshire lads.*

WHOEVER the honour will do me
To hear a dull trifle, must view me,
As if modern Folly I now represent,
Whose influence over them few can prevent,
Whose influence over them few can prevent.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

But the worst folly
Is melancholy,
And which to avoid let us drink and be jolly,

The miser, who starves o'er his treasure,
Is glaringly under my pleasure ;
For all must allow that thereby the old elf
To Folly has firmly devoted himself,
To Folly has firmly devoted himself.

Cho. But the, &c.

The cit, who, to stifle the thinking
That daily his credit is sinking,
Is surely devoted to Folly, while spending
His residue blindly, though ruin's impending,
His residue blindly, though ruin's impending.

Cho. But the, &c.

How frequently out of 'Change-Alley
My lame quacking votaries fall ;
Thus proving, though they deem'd themselves
very deep,
That Folly o'er them did his influence keep,
That Folly o'er them did his influence keep.

Cho. But the, &c.

- The

And, take but the trouble to search, you
 Will find, (lack a day!) in the church, too,
 Some vot'ries of Folly, 'mong those who pretend
 To cobble your souls, since their own they can't
 mend,
 To cobble your souls, since their own they can't
 mend. *Cho.* But the, &c.

The wisest of men, you'll agree, too,
 Was plainly devoted to me, too;
 The ladies excuse, though, I beg, while I say,
 My feminine devotees led him astray,
 My feminine devotees led him astray.
Cho. But the, &c.

I've now sung enough, though, to tire you,
 Therefore I'll conclude, but desire you
 To note, tho' I've said, we're to Folly subjected,
 The company present is always excepted,
 The company present is always excepted.

CHORUS.

Still the worst folly
 Is melancholy,
 And which to avoid let us drink and be jolly.

The

*The preceding Song in a Measure which is adapted
to many Tunes in the Style of Derry down,
Fol de rol, &c. Or vide the Appendix, for
the Tune to the Song in Page 122.*

WHOEVER now present the honour will do me
Of hearing me sing a dull matter, must view me
As if in a character rightful to many
As well as myself, perhaps, that of a zany.

The name which I bear, gentle hearers, is Folly,
One hour, perhaps, gay, and the next melancholy;
Yet this I can say, I have influence o'er
Sick, healthy; old, young; deaf, dumb; rich,
and poor.

A lady's toilet, when set out, is my altar,
Where my female devotees oft' in such fault are
That daubing they think a complexion supplies;
Their reason to Folly thus they sacrifice.

The meagre-phyzz'd miser, who starves o'er his
treasure,
Is plainly subjected to my will and pleasure;
For all must allow that thereby the old elf
To Folly has firmly devoted himself.

The trader, who tries to pass over the thinking
That he in his credit is rapidly sinking,

Is surely devoted to Folly, while spending
His residue blindly, though ruin's impending.

How often, in hopping mode, out of 'Change-Alley
My lame quacking votaries fulkily fally ;
Thus proving, tho' they deem'd themselves very
deep,
That Folly o'er them did his influence keep.

If my word you slight, take the trouble to search,
You'll presently find, (lack a day!) in the church,
Some vot'ries of Folly 'mong those who're pretending
To cobble your souls up, though theirs want more
mending.

He who of all men was for wisdom most noted,
No one can deny, was to Folly devoted ;
The ladies excuse, though, I beg, when I say,
My feminine devotees led him astray.

I've now sung enough, tho', I dare say, to tire you;
Therefore I'll conclude, but take note, I desire you,
Although I've said all are to folly subjected,
The company present is ever excepted.

RURAL

RURAL CONFESSION.

Tune, *An old Woman, clothed in grey.*

S A I D old gammer Gillam, I fear
 My Bridget has play'd her last trump,
 For she, if my eye-sight be clear,
 Does grow 'bout the waist mighty plump;
 But, now I am in a tart mood,
 I'll force her the whole truth to tell me;
 Then, calling the girl where she stood,
 In Bridget came, with her big belly.

Well, Bridget, here is a fine pother,
 But tell me, has not some stout looby,
 Ralph Bacon, Giles Hog, or some other,
 Well rouzl'd and touzl'd your toby? —
 Why, mother, since I must declare
 The truth of the matter, though bad,
 Young Ralph, through his speeches so fair,
 His will on the haystack first had.

Ay! ay! it may safely be said,
 You've driven, some time, a fine game: —
 But say, where and when you have play'd
 This sport, that has brought you to shame. —
 Why thrice we have done't in the log-house,
 And nine or ten times in the stable,
 A dozen times quite in the bog-house,
 And twice on the kitchen great table.

Oh

Oh good lack a day! what a jade!

Why what for yourself can you say?

But tell me where else you have made

It suit you this randan to play. —

Five times in the dairy we've done it,

And, though I'm aſham'd to tell you it,

He there thrice inſiſted upon it

That both ſtanding up we ſhould do it.

Well, go on, you huſſey, go on,

Although, I ſuppoſe, you've a ſtory

Will take a full hour, ere 'tis done,

But come, lay the whole truth before me. —

Nine times we have done't in the pantry,

In th' out-houſe I can't tell how oft',

But ſix times we've done't in the entry,

And twenty times in the cock-loft.

And then, for the ſake of a change,

One day, being both very loving,

Although it may ſeem very ſtrange,

We did it three times in the oven;

Befides, as I ne'er could forbid it,

Each night he came through the back doors,

But how many times he then did it,

I can't tell — indeed — by ſome ſcores.

To finiſh my ſong, dame did make,

About the affair, ſuch a ſuſs,

That

Poor Ralph was at length forc'd to take
 Young Bridget, for better for worse.
 And now, each young man, tall or short,
 This tale if due notice you'll place on,
 You'll not blindly run, fearing nought,
 To put your spoon in a girl's bason.

THE FOUR TRUNKS.

Tune, Sally, in our Alley.

AS, at an inn, I for a stage
 One day a long time waited,
 A female, 'bout eight years of age,
 Her bus'ness thus related
 To th'office-keeper, though I thought
 'Twas for the child quite blunt, fir,
 " I'm sent to ask if here were brought
 " Four diff'rent sized *tunts*, fir."
 To which the man did thus reply,
 And drew the urchin nearer, —
 My pretty dear, now prithee try
 T'express what you want clearer.
 The child, then, with a bashful whine,
 Thus try'd to be more clear on't,
 " Sir, one's a small red *tunt* of mine,
 " Without a single hair on't."

Said he, it does not yet seem plain

What errand you are sent on ;

On that the child thus try'd again

What she came for, to mention ;

" With mine there is another *tunt*,

" Though 'tis not half so pretty,

" That has a few brown hairs in front,

" Belongs to sister Titty."

" God bless me ! then the man did cry,

You must go back, and send here

One who can better tell what I

To know in vain attend here.

" Dear me," the child then whimp'ring said,

" My mummy's *tunt* is there, too,

" And oldish is, with black hairs spread,

" Which *tunt* my mummy'd swear to."

Said he, (now out of patience grown,) *m*

Why, child, you trouble give me ;

Since what you want you can't make known,

I wish that you would leave me.

Yet she went on, " my granny's *tunt*

" Is likewise with the others,

" Musty and old, with grey hairs on't,

" Which all the *tunt* quite smothers.

" And here's the key, fir, of my *tunt*,

" The rest on mummy's hook are."

Oh !

Oh! Oh! said he, why now you've done't,
 The things mark'd in the book are ;
 Which he directly, when found out,
 As labell'd, sent away, fir :
 And thus I end my tale about
 Four trunks, — red, brown, black, grey, fir.

THE GHOST.

To be delivered in a half-identical Character.

For the Tune, vide the Appendix.

The reader will please to observe, that the metrical accent of the 1st, 3d, 5th, and 8th, verses, in each stanza of the following song, is on the last syllable but two.

I is the ghost of Stevey Fizzlegig,
 If you'll believe me,
 Who died for love of Sukey Swizzlewig,
 It did so grieve me :
 For nobody did never see,
 In my life's time, that day when she
 Did say, for Stevey Fizzlegig
 I kere a fingle ha'pennie.

Chorus. Oh! oh! oh!

To Fag-lane, near the sign o' th' Monument,
 If you'll believe me,

To tell my love, oft' times, forlorn I went,
 Which much did grieve me :
 For there this Sukey Swizzlewig
 Bak'd faggots, maws, and hogs-feet, sells,
Jest oppersite Bess Frowzy's shed,
 Who in it cat's and dog's meat sells.

Chorus. Oh! oh! oh!

I could not work at all, through loving fo,
 If you'll believe me,
 Yet she *prefarr'd* one they *calls* cuffing Joe,
 Which much did grieve me,
 'Cause he *dux* treat her oftentimes,
 And her out on a Sunday take ;
 And (though he'd better mind his work)
 With her oft' does St. Monday make.

Chorus. Oh! oh! oh!

Says I, through Joe your scorn you *throws* at me,
 If you'll believe me,
 At *them* words she *turns* up her nose at me ;
 How that did grieve me!
 But, when I *sed* I *doubts* he in
 A *sartin* place oft' stops a gap,
 She call'd me sniv'ling cull, and then
 Gave each of *these here chops* a slap.

Chorus. Oh! oh! oh!

Through this, when to my room up stairs I goes,
 If you'll believe me,

Says

Says I how full of thoughts and cares I *grows*,
Which much does grieve me.

And then, as I'd no chair, I fetch'd

My master's little *darter's* stool,

And cry'd, cause Suk had *sarv'd* me so,

While I did off my garters pull.

Chorus. Oh! oh! oh!

First, that they wouldn't eas'ly break I *tries*,

If you'll believe me ;

Next, one end of 'em round my neck I *ties*,

And that did grieve me :

The stool I then did mount, and to

A joist ty'd t'other end of 'em,

Then kick'd the stool away, and swung

Like our cuckow-clock pendulum.

Chorus. Oh! oh! oh!

E'en when *intarr'd* she call'd me snotty fool,

If you'll believe me,

Because my love was *fur* too hot to cool,

And which did grieve me :

But, as I *knows* they're in the dark

In Suk's back room, I'll whiz through air,

And in revenge I'll frighten 'em

Until they *sweat*, nay, p——, through fear.

Chorus. Oh! oh! oh!

THE ANGLERS.

Tune, Te Prigs, who are troubled.

IF no one ~~my song or my singing~~ will slight,
On angling I'd fain a few instances cite,
To make it appear, let it seem e'er so odd,

All men anglers are,

All men anglers are,

All men anglers are, though some ne'er saw a rod :
To gain their ends most using baits of some sort,
And, as gain'd or not, why 'tis good or bad sport,
But we social fellows all selfishness hate,
Who fish for good-will, and good-humour's our bait,

CHORUS,

Good-humour's our bait,

Good-humour's our bait,

Who fish for good-will, and good-humour's our bait,

In thought, says the parson, "Yon living's a fish,
Which whoe'er can catch he will catch a nice dish;
And int'rest the bait is which this fish doth need,
Thro' which, if I hook it, oh! how I will feed!"
Just so, too, each bishop still forward does look,
Saying, "Lambeth, oh! Lambeth's the fish I
! do. I would hook."

But angling for greatness good fellows must hate,
Who fish for good-will, and good-humour's their
bait,

Cho. Good-humour's, &c.

Old

Old Wefley, with gudgeons about him in shoals,
Says, " I angle for you to fave your poor fouls,
Lest Satan his wide ten-mile-long poaching-net
Should fpread o'er you all, and clean off with you
get."

Thus fcal'd of their pence, they gulp down the
fmooth bait,

Perfuated they are in a moft bleffed ftate.

But fuch unfair angling good fellows muft hate,
Who fifh for good-will, and good-humour's their
bait.

Cho. Good-humour's, &c.

The wench, with vows, proteftations, and fighs,
The hook hides with which he for fport often tries;
And harlots, as anglers, keep out a fharp look,
With baits trim and gay, although moft whom
they hook,

Soon after, make many a wry face, and grin,

The baits being foul by which they were drawn in,
But good fellows ought not to catch fuch ill fate,
Who fifh for good-will, and good-humour's their
bait.

Cho. Good-humour's, &c.

Each angler who gives fifty pounds to the ftate,
For freedom to fifh with a fine golden bait,
Thus forces his policies into request, —

" My plan's clear and true, but, good folks, all the
reft

Are false and imposing, which they'll find who
trust 'em,

Hence none can be safe who don't give me their
custom."

But such poaching tricks we good fellows must hate,
Who fish for good-will, and good-humour's our bait.

Cho. Good-humour's, &c.

In angling, as well as in other affairs,
Success does not always attend our best cares;
For still in life's stream we mischances must meet,

Else what sport we have,

Else what sport we have,

Else what sport we have never could appear sweet;

Hence, if a line break, to repine is in vain,

Best try to repair it, and put in again.

But long may good fellows avoid such ill fate,

Who fish for good-will, and good-humour's their
bait.

CHORUS.

Good-humour's their bait,

Good-humour's their bait,

Who fish for good-will, and good-humour's their
bait.

ENGLISH

ENGLISH STRONG-BEER
AND
ROASTED SIRLOIN.

*To the same Tune as the preceding, for which
vide the Appendix.*

I NOW am not going to sing of our wars,
Our politics, commerce, religion, or laws,
No, no, they're too stale for a theme any more,
So English strong-beer,
So English strong-beer,
So English strong-beer, although sung of before,
Shall now be my subject; ay, faith, friends, it shall,
Not doubting it well suits the taste of you all;
And to it I'll add what thereto we should join,
For likewise I'll sing of a roasted sirloin.

CHORUS.

Roasted sirloin,
Roasted sirloin,
For likewise I'll sing of a roasted sirloin.

Strong-beer, my good friends, which so gaily we
quaff,

You'll own, by its spirit, incites us to laugh,
And laughter, 'tis said, shews a man from a brute;
Hence English strong-beer, without any dispute,
Proves

Proves we are all men ; and, since that is the case,
And each one delights in a gay laughing face,
Why still let us laugh, and to fatness incline,
And keep so by feeding on roasted sirloin.

Cho. Roasted sirloin, &c.

I said that of wars I'd not sing, but, with leave,
Some little allusion to them I must give,
Since Britons, when their innate valour was warm'd
By British strong-beer, have vast wonders perform'd,
For instance, — but why need I instances shew
To prove that which nobody deems is untrue ;
Besides, their achievements much brighter must shine
Whose valour's supported by roasted sirloin.

Cho. Roasted sirloin, &c.

The poor puny fribble, when he wants a meal,
The bill of fare cons, then says, “ roast me a teal,
And bring me some cordial,” but, if the weak
drone

Drank British strong-beer, he'd alter his tone,
And 'stead of “ how feent I am,” briskly he'd say,
“ I now can well please a plump wench, night and
day :”

And thus, gaining flesh, to prevent a decline,
He'd feed, and feed stoutly, on roasted sirloin.

Cho. Roasted sirloin, &c.

Although

Although you may blush while I plainly declare
 How bravely you're spoken of by the gay fair,
 Yet, as I'm included, I must tell what they,
 'Bout British strong-beer and our roasted beef, say:
 They say, they ne'er like us so well as when we
 Have been o'er strong beer and sirloin in full glee,
 Beer filling our veins, and, to strengthen the chine,
 Nought can be more proper than roasted sirloin.

Chor. Roasted sirloin, &c.

Reforming's a work which all surely must praise,
 And all must allow, that most folks, now a days,
 O'er slip-slops will sit, 'stead of nourishing food,
 Like British strong-beer and sirloin, really good:
 Yet, if the example be set, let's not fear
 But queen Bessy's days will again soon appear,
 And women and men will in healthfulness shine,
 Their liquor strong-beer, their food roasted sirloin.

Chor. Roasted sirloin, &c.

This truth, drawn from nature, my song shall
 conclude, —

Like beef and strong-beer nought's for Britons so
 good; —

As our beef's not match'd, and no grain but our own
 Produces good beer,
 Produces good beer,

Produces good beer, which like cordial goes down.

But

But sallads our isle don't, like others, produce,
And fails us much more in the grape's burning
juice,

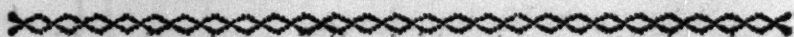
Hence Britons, if like their forefathers they'd shine,
Should drink British beer and eat British firloin.

CHORUS.

British firloin,

British firloin,

Should drink British beer and eat British firloin.



THE TIME-KEEPERS.

Tune, *A begging we will go.*

WHAT, Frank and George, I'm glad you're
here,

I hope Tom won't be late,

Though that as yet we will not fear,

For now it is but eight, —

But soon, lads, we'll be jolly, jolly, jolly,

Chorus. But soon, lads, we'll be jolly.

That we to laugh and joke may haste,

And drown dull care in wine,

I'll take the chair, no time to waste,

For now it is quite nine.

And now, lads, we'll be jolly, jolly, jolly,

Cho. And now, lads, we'll be jolly.

Oh!

Oh! bravo! bravo! jovial boys!

Another toast, and then

We soon shall swim in social joys,

Though 'tis no more than ten,

And feel ourselves quite jolly, jolly, jolly,

Cho. And feel ourselves quite jolly.

Why, George! what, going? tho' you know

To stay your word was given,

Pooh, pooh, sit down, oh shame to go,

Why, man, 'tis but eleven,

And we've not long been jolly, jolly, jolly,

Cho. And we've not long been jolly.

This course steer on, and briskly go,

Here is no shoal nor shelf,

'Tis just the time for pleasure's glow,

The clock now striking twelve :

So, lads, I say, be jolly, jolly, jolly,

Cho. So, lads, I say, be jolly.

To order, for a toast; and pray

See justice to it done ;

We must a little longer stay,

Now we have staid till one :

So still let us be jolly, jolly, jolly,

Cho. So still let us be jolly.

A good song, faith, encore, encore,

Gad, Tom, you're in right cue,

Nay, I'm ne'er in full glee before

The index points at two :

Then time 'tis to be jolly, jolly, jolly,

Cho. Then time 'tis to be jolly.

This bowl's quite low, another bring,

And soon as it can be,

Then I'll throw off what I ne'er sing

Until the clock strikes three :

For then I'm dev'lish jolly, jolly, jolly,

Cho. For then I'm dev'lish jolly.

In faith, my lads, we'll go when we

Have had one bottle more,

For, as 'tis now some time past three,

We cannot part till four :

So sit down and be jolly, jolly, jolly,

Cho. So sit down and be jolly.

Well, d——me, Frank, if you are not

The heartiest friend alive,

And, if I'd but a single groat, —

But, hark ! the clock strikes five :

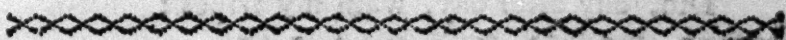
Yet still we will be jolly, jolly, jolly,

Cho. Yet still we will be jolly.

Now,

Now, lads, as we're quite flush'd, I say
 Where next to go let's fix,
 See, daylight's broke, to shew the way,
 And sure I am 'tis fix:
 And have not we been jolly, jolly, jolly,
Cho. And have not we been jolly.

Faith, 'tis broad day; therefore to make
 Our best way home is right,
 And there some sleep each of us take,
 Then meet again at night:
 And then again be jolly, jolly, jolly,
Cho. And then again be jolly.



FOUL HEBE.

Tune, *When forc'd from fair Hebe to go*
 WHEN forc'd from fair Hebe to go,
 What anguish I felt at my heart!
 But, soon after that, to my woe,
 I felt, oh! I felt a worse smart!
 For, when I attempted to void
 The urine which long had been pent,
 I then — but my grief I'd fain hide, —
 Alas! though, my mind will have vent.

This face had you chanc'd to have view'd,
 The twists and the grins which it made,
 Oh had you seen each feature screw'd,
 And heard me say, — curse the foul jade,
 Perhaps some had said, — oh ! poor lad !
 While others with jokes did deride :
 However, advice I soon had,
 And then was with *sugar-plumbs** ply'd.

Red-herrings were once my delight,
 And so was a piece of hung-beef,
 Ship-pork, too, pleas'd my appetite,
 And ham has oft' made me a thief :
 But gruel, thin gruel, instead,
 Did, day after day, wash my tripes ;
 To say, though, how poorly I fed,
 Dear gents, it would give you the gripes.

Thus scour'd, as I thought, beyond bounds,
 Soon like a mopstick was each shank,
 This waist thinner than a greyhound's,
 And these plump red cheeks, oh ! how lank !
 I swore — swore again and again,
 And Hebe I d——d o'er and o'er ;
 But, finding, at last, 'twas in vain,
 So then — I said I'd swear no more.

At last, I grew hearty and stout,
 Ate hung-beef, red-herrings, and ham,
And

And then grew uneasy without

What I, when laid up, did oft' d—n :
But since, said I, Hebe, the gay,

Did — me, and preciousfly, too,
To her I a visit will pay,
Revenge for such treatment to shew.

But, when I began to complain,
She laugh'd, and caught me in her arms,
Where soon I forgot former pain,
So potent were Hebe's sweet charms !
I then swore, while therein I lay,
I'd think of her treatment no more ;
But, ere I conclude, I've to say,
She then — me worse than before.



M

POSTSCRIPT.

And then grew uneasy without
 What I, when laid up, did oft do—
 Her face, said I, Hebe, the gay,
 Did—me, and preciously, too,
 To her I a visit will pay,
 Revenge for such treatment to show.

But, when I began to complain,
 She laugh'd, and caught me in her arms,
 Where soon I forgot former pain,
 So potent were Hebe's sweet charms!
 I then swore, while therein I lay,
 I'd think of her treatment no more;
 But, ere I conclude, I've to say,
 She then—me worse than before.



P O S T S C R I P T.

NOTWITHSTANDING that the endeavour, in any knight-adventurer of the quill, to soften public animadversion or to obviate the effects of it, is but of little consequence, as every individual carries in his own breast a court of judicature, and of course will judge and pass sentence as he thinks fit, yet, as every scribbler must be supposed to have some predilection for his bantling, whether begotten illicitly upon either of the antiquated female Parnassians, or that (according to a common phrase) it was honestly come by, the author of the foregoing emanations of fancy presumes he may stand, in some degree, excusable, for winding up those effusions with a few words, (and which may perhaps have respect to other works,) by way of appeal, defence, or whatever else, any one may choose to call them, occasioned by a retrospective view of this publication, and likewise for the sake of mentioning two or

three suggestions, which might, nevertheless, have been inserted (more properly perhaps) in the prefatory introduction; but, that being already rather prolix, it was deemed better to make a subjoined matter of them.

As it is possible that some persons may be disappointed at not finding in this publication a number of fat or d—ned jolly songs (as the phrases are) the author begs leave to observe that there are many who will be ready enough to censure the degree of latitude at which they are already fixed; not but that he could have inserted such, and had even some idea of doing it, but, on second thoughts, purposely omitted them (he is free enough to confess) for the sake of saving appearances; for, though many respectable writers and speakers have been very serious and positive about the matter, and gravely pronounced sentence to this effect, — that the advancing to a certain point in hilarity indicates a dearth of wit, yet, with submission to such authority, it may be said, that men of acknowledged abilities have advanced thus far, and exhibited wit and real humour in such cloathing: and experience evinces, that even those who do not sit down with an intent to let mirth go to
such

such excess often give into it; for, when a spirit of conviviality reigns absolute, no bounds can be fixed for the length of its career; however, if such a thing could be as the confining of humour within what is understood by the term decency, it perhaps might be better, on many accounts, than letting it proceed to its *ne plus ultra*; but that point the author leaves for those to settle who are willing to endeavour at it, as well as he leaves the business of establishing humour upon *delicate* principles to those who may be ready to undertake it.

ANOTHER matter the author, for certain reasons, here wishes to speak to, (though as mentioned in the suggestions prefacing this work, he deemed it needless,) which is, that of some persons inconsiderately, if not illnaturedly, affecting to lessen what intrinsic worth there may be in any production because it cannot be so entertaining in reading as in hearing it properly delivered; forgetting that the same observation may be made respecting every matter of oral exhibition, and particularly of those in the dramatic line, as there are not a few of those performances, every one knows, which are insipid to many in reading

though truly entertaining in representation; and hence, as few have the power of conceiving how a matter may or ought to be exhibited, it may be expected that some allowance should be made in the bare perusal of it, or else that they be silent on the subject, and not make so trite a remark as is here spoken of; which is, in fact, only telling another what he must be a super-ideot not to know.

HERE likewise may be mentioned the hasty decisions of some persons concerning matters in a style with which they are unacquainted, or for which they have no relish, (as observed in the prefatory suggestions about convivial exhibition;) or making one style the standard by which they judge of others, instead of judging of them as they innately are; but as this is only harping on the old string, — that it is impossible to please all persons by one mode, — it is deemed sufficient just to have mentioned the subject.

ERE the author closes these remarks he has to say, it seems to him that probably the insertion of some matters, now no longer the topic of light conversation, may be thought improper, but, as the subjects are not forgotten, and as they are affected by the other
parts

parts of the articles to which they are joined, and being mostly metaphorically couched, which cost some little trouble to execute, he therefore ventured to insert them.*

It may now perhaps be expected that something be said about the qualifications necessary to form the *bon vivant*, and that some rules be laid down for attaining them, which is generally the case with publications of this nature; though, at the same time, it must be allowed that, if all the observations, rules, and instructions, that ever were spoken or written, were brought within the compass of a page or two ever so clearly, they would never make an entertaining companion of him to whom nature has been churlish; but yet it may not be intirely unacceptable to those, to whom nature has been more bountiful, if something be said thereon, though little if any thing can be advanced but what has been said before, and will be said over and over again.

THE chief quality essential to either the serious or humorous convivial exhibitor, (as may be observed on reading, and which is tantamount to perspicuity in writing,) is articulation; to which should be added the
 faculty

* Vide page 46, &c. — For some farther remarks, vide the paragraphs beneath the errata, at the back of the title-page.

faculty of strongly pointing or expressing any particular word, phrase, or sentence; the want of which very often rendering that, which is tolerably clear in itself, quite the contrary, or at least of little force; not that a reciter or singer always hits upon an emphatical part in the manner which the author intended, or even on the intended emphatical part itself: for, if a speaker be ever so good a one, he cannot always discover it: and (to go out of our way a little) that it is so is evident from the various manners in which any dramatic piece, of long standing, is exhibited by different performers, though all may be deemed capital ones; whence is derived the common phrase of such or such a one's finding out the beauties of his author or of his part, when, all the while, these same beauties may be chiefly, if not entirely, existent in the performers emphatical or significant mode of delivery; as, for example, in the character of Falstaff, in Henry the Fourth, and particularly in his soliloquy about his tattered regiment. — While Quin stood first in it, he was deemed excellent, and was said to have hit upon Shakespeare's meaning: Love's performance of the part was different, and deemed preferable, by some, to Quin's; and he

he likewise was said to have discovered or hit off Shakespeare's meaning : at last came Henderson, who exhibited it in a manner different from either Quin or Love, but still quite agreeably to his author's meaning, as the critiques on his truly comic style of performing it have said, all agreeing, likewise, that his style of playing it was *novelle*. Thus it seems evident that the efforts of those who perform the same parts, are not to improve on each other's manner of expression, as if each one conceived the poet's meaning alike, but to turn his conception of the part or his mode of playing it another way, lest it should be said they are copyists or mannerists ; from which we often find, that which is execrable in the mouths of some, whatever the author's meaning may be, is significant and entertaining in the mouths of others. — Probably something like this (descending to the matter immediately before us) may be the case with some articles in this publication, as they, for the want of being hit off in a suitable style or manner, may appear quite insipid, though they might have given some little entertainment as delivered heretofore. However, though some of them are such as are only fit to be exhibited by those who have a talent for humour, yet

yet there are others which any one of a tolerable delivery may make use of.

As for saying any thing about taste, musical graces, and so forth, they having little to do with the matters contained in this volume, it would be superfluous, the principal requisites (as dwelt on before) being articulation and significant expression, on which all others must depend; for, if those be attained, the others will necessarily follow or soon be discovered.

THE author has now only to say, that, if what is here added appear superfluous, unedifying, or desultory, he trusts it may be excused, when he attributes it to that kind of solicitude (as intimated once already) which he, as well as all other dabblers in literary matters, must have for what may be said or thought of the offspring of his or their fancies, when laid at the door of public animadversion, or left to the mercy of self-dubbed knights of criticism as well as of those who are duly created. But, however, it is hoped both will consider this work not as attempting poetic flights so much as humorous excursions, or as an endeavour to promote that short-lived kind of entertainment which principally, if not wholly, pleases as it passes.

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